

89.e
MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS 24

AND 22

TRANSLATIONS.

R
By H. TRAVERS.

*Prudens prætereo quibus hæc sint qualiacunque,
Arridere velim, doliturus si placeant spe
Deterius nostrâ*

Horat.



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W. Thackeray.





TO THE
Most Noble and Illustrious PRINCE
WRIOTHESLY
Duke of *BEDFORD*.



HILE martial Strains resound the
Warrior's Name,
And speak the Triumphs of destruc-
tive Fame,

'Tis mine to crown the Patriot with Applause,
And sing the Hero of his Country's Cause;

324^c DEDICATION.

Whose Guardian Pow'r a sinking People saves,
And plants a Nation in the vanquish'd Waves;
Nor You, my Lord, the humble Muse disdain,
Who sings Your Praise shall please in ev'ry Strain.

Let others boast the Triumphs of the Sword,
Be this Your Province A LOST LAND RESTOR'D;
How fam'd above pernicious Scenes of Blood
Shine the brave Trophies of a CONQUER'D FLOOD!
A delug'd Isle retriev'd by RUSSEL's Hand,
And *Britain's* Bounds enlarg'd in *Britain's* Land,
Where Chaos rul'd, now beauteous Order reigns,
Springs the fair Plant, and smile the verdant Plains;
Such are the Palms which Fame on You bestows,
Such from Your Birth the genuine Merit flows.
If *England's* Mars display the warlike Shield,
And spread her Conquests o'er the fatal Field,

'Tis

DEDICATION.

Tis Yours with *Neptune* on the watry Plain
To guard these Shores, and curb the Vassal Main.

See at Your Call th' obedient Waves subside,
See THORNEY blooms above th' encroaching Tide,
Again the Swains her peopled Fields surround,
And teeming Grain re-cloaths the pregnant Ground,
Our brightest Days are due to RUSSEL's Name
Be those bright Days as lasting as Your Fame,
Happy as when Your Noble SIRE's Command,
Aw'd the wild Flood, and fix'd th' unstable Land;
In vain the Floods against Your RIGHT conspire,
The SON regains the Conquest of the SIRE,
Your NATIVE RIGHT the conscious Waters
know,

And Seas subside where'er Your Bounties flow,

Like

DEDICATION.

Like *Phæbus* You a fruitful Warmth display,
And *Python* dies beneath the genial Ray.

So when *Alcides*' vig'rous Arm withstood
His watry Foe, and broke the * horned Flood,
The lessen'd Stream disclos'd a fertile Pow'r,
Round the rich Moisture bloom'd the vernal Flow'r;
Prolific Dews uprear'd the waving Corn,
And Autumn ripen'd in the copious Horn.

* ACHELOUS.

H. TRAVERS.



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A N

E P I S T L E

FROM THE

F E N S,

To Mr. *** at *ROME*.



WHILE you the rich Remains of

Rome explore,

And pleas'd Survey the once melo-

dious Shore,

Where now thy Muse sublimer Raptures yields,

And *British* Sounds adorn th' *Ausonian* Fields;

B

My

My rural Muse a barren Clime displays,
 A Wild unconscious of immortal Lays,
 Where *Ely's* Fens in watry Prospect lie,
 And the low Landskip floats before my Eye.

No sporting Dryads haunt these lonely Plains,
 Nor mystic Oaks instruct adoring Swains,
 No vocal Shades imbrown the dreary Land,
 Or Nymph transform'd runs gurgling o'er the Sand,
 Nor is the Eye with curious Scenes amus'd,
 Of Art and Nature gratefully confus'd;
 Extended Plains fatigue the Prospect round,
 And one unvaried Waste deforms the Ground.

Gain'd by industrious Art the naked Land
 Bears not the Marks of Nature's forming Hand,

e from her sylvan Verge thro' ev'ry part
 ws with Disdain the mimic hand of Art,
 at strives with costly Pain t' improve the Isle,
 d make the rude Expanse with Plenty smile;
 e some to rising Banks uprear the Mold
 m distant Lands by driving Waters roll'd,
 ne with capacious Dikes the Banks surround,
 the strong Sluice, and heap the guardian Mound;
 Shall the Waves exert their stormy Pow'r,
 d spread their liquid Arms beyond the Shore,
 certain Bounds the dubious Land ensure,
 all appears deceitfully secure.

The Fen, if true * *Bede's* venerable Tale,
 once a barren unfrequented Vale,

sa regio Elge undique est aquis & paludibus circumdata, neque
 majores habet, &c.

Bede's Hist. Anglorum Lib. IV.

A Wild of Waters, whose incumbent Train
 Slept on the putrid Surface of the Plain,
 What time an Abbey o'er the hallow'd Land
 Rose by the Zeal of *Etheldreda's* Hand,
 Safe from a Foe th'impervious Cloister stood,
 Securely guarded by the ambient Flood;
 No hostile Din of stunning Arms arose,
 Nor vex'd the sacred Mansions of repose,
 Till *Hubba* led his fierce Battalions forth
 From the wild Regions of the crowded North,
 With runic Arms tremendous to behold,
 And Ensigns blazon'd in Barbaric Gold:
 Far thro' the Fen advanc'd the impious Bands,
 Blind Rage impell'd their sacrilegious Hands;
 By Pagan Flames the sacred Structure fell,
 And exil'd Virgins fled the burning Cell.

But see by * *Edgar's* care the Dome appears
 Rais'd from the Ruins of an hundred Years,
 Again the Floods their languid Station kept,
 " And undisturb'd by Wars in Silence slept;
 When lo! From far a gilded Streamer bore
 The † *Norman* Lion waving on the Shore,
 In vain the Fury of the Trump's Alarms
 Spoke the dire Sound of *William's* conqu'ring Arms,
 Against his Pow'r the barrier Waters lay,
 And adverse Dikes oppos'd the dang'rous Way;
 With Shame the Warrior left th' unvanquish'd
 Waves,
 Nor *Ely's* Lords were yet a Tyrant's Slaves.

* The Abbey and Church of *Ely* built by St. *Etheldred* in the Year
 of our Lord DCLXXIII. were burnt down by the *Danes*, and rebuilt
 just an hundred Years after their Destruction by *Ethelwold* Bishop of
Winchester by a Grant from King *Edgar*.

Dugdale's Monasticon, Page 87, and 92.

† The whole Account of this Transaction may be seen in Sir *Wil-*
liam Dugdale's History of Inbanking and Draining.

'Twas thus that angry Fen disdain'd to yield,
 When *England's* Discord shook her watry Field,
 When purchas'd Zeal despotic *John* ador'd,
 And * *Lynn* was honour'd with her Patron's Sword.
 Now *Britain's* Sons confus'd with impious Jars
 Sound thro' the Fen the hostile Clank of Wars,
 Sword against Sword each raging Faction draws,
 This Claims his Throne, and that demands the Laws;
 But *Mars* in vain displays the warlike Shield,
 Bold *Neptune* here decides the dubious Field,
 Foe to the King the Parent of the Main
 Rose thro' the Fen, and delug'd all the Plain,
 Wave above Wave against the Tyrant flood,
 And † o'er his Banners rode th' avenging Flood.

* King *John* gave his Sword to the Town of *Lynn Regis* in *Norfolk*, as a Testimony of their Loyalty to him in the Baron's Wars.

† King *John* lost his Army in a Place call'd *Well-stream* (below *Wisbech* in the Isle of *Ely*) as he was passing the Washes into *Lincolnshire* to fight the Barons. The whole Account of which may be seen, as I have been inform'd, in the Records of the Tower of *London*.

But now no longer with impetuous Speed
 Flows the proud Stream Memorial of the Deed,
 See *Pan* exults where azure *Neptune* roll'd,
 And *Ceres* now waves fruitful on the Mold.

Thus spread the Water's unresisted Rage
 Swell'd with the Sorrows of a lengthned Age,
 Till *Charles* vouchsaf'd his Royal Aid to bring,
 And peopled Wilds confess'd the Patriot King.
 Then * *Bedford's* Earl the brave Exploit begun,
 And taught the confluent Waters where to run,
 Thro' ductile Drains explor'd a liquid Way,
 And led th' obsequious *Naiads* to the Sea.
 But Fate to him the wish'd Success deny'd,
 By rebel Rage th' abortive Labour dy'd;

* *Francis Ruffel* Earl of *Bedford* was the first Undertaker for a general draining of the Fens, now call'd *Bedford Level*, by a Grant from King *Charles* the first.

Fierce o'er the Fen intestine Discord stood,
 And wav'd the Sword of Variance o'er the Flood
 No more the wandring Streams were seen to glide
 Back thro' the Fen recoil'd the lazy Tide,
 Thence softly lingring o'er the silent Plain
 Creeps indolent along, and feebly seeks the Main

Who now, O *Bedford*, shall resume thy Toil,
 Reach thy Example, and restore our Soil?
 What other * *Moor* shall bid the Waters run?
Moor join'd to Thee like *Cynthia* to the Sun.
 See in his Map the imag'd Labour glow,
 See unknown Rivers learn from him to flow;
 Here wondring *Cam* receives the spacious Drain,
 There the full Stream runs copious to the Main,

* Sir *Jonas Moor* Engineer to the Earl of *Bedford*.

Here the freed Glebe a tufted Prospect yields,

And a faint Verdure stains the recent Fields;

There *Ceres*' Gifts the pregnant Waste adorn,

And Streams of Plenty feed the rising Corn;

Such were the happy Days of *Ely* then,

And that the golden *Æra* of the FEN.

How varied now is our degen'rate Time?

Is Faction, Sloth, or Avarice the Crime?

That still amidst this delug'd Isle we find

No Creature but of an amphibious kind,

A double Nature runs thro' all the FEN,

Here swim the Dogs, the Cattle, and the Men,

There sails the Coot that flies the tuneful Wood,

All share with Fish their Element the Flood;

Here hungry Her'ns sit watchful in the Shade,

There sullen Bitterns haunt the lonely Glade,

Sadly prophetic Race! * Whose baleful Cries
 Sound inauspicious thro' the wintry Skies;
 Of future Floods they tell the fatal Pow'r,
 By Instinct conscious of th' impending Show'r,
 That spreads th' unnavigable Wave around,
 And sleeps incumbent o'er th' unstable Ground.

Soon as the Spring adorns the pregnant Earth,
 And gives the vegetable Verdure birth,
 Warm'd by the Influence of the quickning Rays
 Wide o'er the Marsh a new Creation strays,
 Prolific Slime a num'rous Offspring yields,
 And fills with Noise the hoarse-resounding Fields;
 Loquacious Bed of Frogs, whose croaking Race
 Peoples the genial Moisture of the Place.

* A receiv'd Notion among the Vulgar.

So when of old the *Nile's* corrupted Flood
 Stood a portentous Lake of putrid Blood,
 From ev'ry Pool the wonder-working Wand
 Call'd forth a reptile Nation o'er the Land,
 And pale with Fear all *Egypt's* guilty Clime
 Heard the hoarse Brood croak thro' the teeming
 Slime.

A various Scene the Summer Landskip yields,
 And thro' subsiding Waves emerge the Fields,
 Still to the Fen another Woe's declar'd,
 And *Vulcan* claims what milder *Neptune* spar'd ;
 Now smoak the Plains from scaly Legions freed,
 And * burn auspicious to the future Seed ;
 Form'd into Turf the swampy Clods aspire,
 Bright thro' the Skies ascends the Blaze of Fire.

* The Method of cultivating Fen-Lands is by burning them.

Thus both the jarring Elements around
 Waste with alternate Anarchy the Ground,
 A fatal Right the hostile Lords maintain,
 The Flood o'erwhelms, and Flame consumes the
 Plain.

More deadly Heats th' autumnal Star supplies,
 Red with Disease he fires the sultry Skies,
 But who, O * * *, shall arm his daring Pen
 To paint the genuine Ague of the Fen?
 The Woes that shake each tender Source of Pain
 Woes which I feel, but never can explain?
 See the first Pangs with shiv'ring Fits arise,
 Teeth chatter, quake the Joints, and roll the Eyes
 An icy Cold congeals the curdling Blood,
 Thrills thro' the Veins, and checks the vital Flood,

anon the shifting Plague with wily Art
 Glows into Flame around the panting Heart.
 Thus thro' the Limbs the fell Contagion roll'd
 Varies the harsh Extremes of Heat and Cold.
 * So where the burning Rocks of *Ætna* rise,
 Th'obdurate Ice its hoary Neighbour lies,
 There the discordant Elements conspire,
 Frost joins the Flame, and Snow preludes the Fire.
 Nor does this Plague the labour'd Aid demand
 Pain Of *Mead's* sound Skill, or * * * 's Emp'ric Hand,
 No learned Arts their costly Pow'r bestow,
 Charms of our own, and our own Cures we know.

- Summo cana jugo cohibet, mirabile dictu,
 Vicinam flammis glaciem, æternoque rigore
 Ardentes horrent scopuli, stat vertice celsi
 Collis hyems, calidâque nivem tegit atra favilla.

Silius Italicus, Lib. XIV.

Torn from some Coffin the sepulchral String
 Enchants the Patient with its healing Ring;
 No more his Veins the shiv'ring Pangs endure,
 And Fancy makes the strong Deceit a Cure.

Thrice happy Natives of this lonely Isle!
 Could they with equal Art the Gnats beguile,
 Could the kind Influence of fantastic Charms
 To foreign Climes expel the hostile Swarms,
 See thro' the Air the insect Legions rise
 Dark like a Cloud, and sweep along the Skies,
 Rove thro' the Fen, the tortur'd Prey surround,
 Aim the sharp Stroke, and feed upon the Wound
 So when the Sun distends the embrio Form,
 Flies the fell Hornet from its Parent Worm.
 From human Veins they draw their purple Food,
 The salvage Gnat " like *Scythians*, lives on Blood

Two deadly Stings each baleful Insect wears,
 Each deadly Sting a various Mischief bears,
 With double Woe they pierce the tingling Vein;
 And this imbibes the Blood, and that infills the
 Pain.

Most fierce their Ire when *Sirius* rules the Skies,
 And genial Heats inflame the pamper'd Flies,
 The noxious Ray their Source of Poison warms,
 And keener Rage each dire *Proboscis* arms.
 In vain the Night her silent Shade bestows,
 Soft o'er my Eyes no balmy Slumber flows;
 The treach'rous Gnats an envious Vigil keep,
 Scare the reluctant Dreams, and murder Sleep.

But who can tell how wise is human Pain?
 What artful Schemes employ the anxious Brain?

See with Delight the great Relief appears,
 Known by the Fame of * twice a thousand Years
 See the close Net of size immense and deep
 Flows round the Bed, and guards the Dome of Sleep
 What tho' the Gnats incessant wave their Wings
 Vain their Efforts, and harmless are their Stings
 Soon as their Swarms the adverse Bound beset,
 Check'd they retire, nor pass th' impervious Net

* The Custom of using Nets to defend themselves from the Gnats was in vogue above two thousand Years ago among the *Egyptians*, appears from *Herodotus*.

Πρὸς δὲ τοὺς κώνωπας ἀφθόγους ἐόντας πᾶσι σφί ἐστὶ μεμηχανημένα. Τὸ μὲν τὰ ἄνω τῶν ἐλίων οἰκόντας οἱ πύργοι ἀφελέουσι, ἐς οὓς ἀναβαίνοντες κοιμῶνται. οἱ γὰρ κώνωπες ὑπὸ τῶν ἀνέμων ἐκ οἷοι τε εἰσὶ ὑψὺ πίπτεσθαι. Τοῖσι περὶ τὰ ἑλία οἰκέουσιν τὰς ἀντὶ τῶν πύργων ἄλλα μεμηχανήσεται. πᾶς ἀνὴρ τῶν ἀμφίβληστρον ἔκτεται, τῷ τῆς ἡμέρας μὲν ἰχθὺς ἀγρεύει, τὴν δὲ νύκτα ἀνὰ χροᾶται ἐν τῇ ἀναπαύεται κοίτῃ. περὶ ταύτην ἴσῃσι τὸ ἀμφίβληστρον, καὶ ἔπειτα ἐνδὺς ὑπὸ αὐτῷ καθεύδει. οἱ δὲ κώνωπες ἢ μὲν ἐν ἱματίῳ ἐλιζόμενος ἐυδὴ ἢ σὺν δὴα πούτων δάκνουσι, δὴα δὲ τοῦ δικτυοῦ οὐδὲ πειρῶνται ἀρχήν.

Herodotus, Lib. II. Page 123. Edit. Long.

These Parts are much infested with Gnats, and therefore the Inhabitants have contriv'd to defend themselves from that Insect by the following Means. Those who live above the Marshes go up to take their rest in Towers built for that End; because the Gnats are prevented by the Winds from mounting so high, and those who inhabit the lower Parts, use this Artifice instead of such Towers: Every Man has a Net, which serves him by Day to take Fish, and at Night to defend the Place where he sleeps; for if he should wrap himself up either in his Clothes, or any kind of Linen, the Gnats would not fail to bite; but they never attempt to pass the Net.

But where their Shafts th'ignobler Couch molest,
 Where no rich Net secures *Plebeian* Rest,
 Round the low Cell from some half-kindled Fire
 Steams the black Smoak, the smoth'ring Fogs
 aspire;

Hence while the Cloud its fatal Gloom expands,
 Prone thro' the Darkness fall the insect Bands,
 Each on his Wings with fruitless Hope relies,
 And lost amidst the smouldring Vapour dies.

So when some Trav'ler with advent'rous Skill
 Climbs the high Top of *Etna's* fiery Hill,
 Ere yet the Flames with radiant Anger glow,
 If *Vulcan* breathes the sulphurous Stream below,
 The furious Blast confounds the Gazer's Sight,
 And Death o'erwhelms him in a Storm of Night.

'Tis said this Isle ne'er knew the pungent Rage
 When *Rome's* monastic Sons usurp'd the Place,
 When papal Domes the watry Region crown'd,
 And wealthy Sloth slept o'er the cloister'd Ground
 See *Chatres* Walls the verdant Space inclose
 On which of old a pompous Abbey rose,
 Rich to its Ruin the devoted Tower
 Felt the keen Rage of * *Henry's* royal Pow'r;
 He stain'd the conscious Pile with Monkish Blood
 And his Success pronounc'd his Vengeance good
 Ev'n now 'tis said aërial Forms around
 And twilight Shades possess the haunted Ground
 These watch their Stores within the wealthy Mold
 And brood nocturnal o'er the hoarded Gold,

* *Henry VIII.* the Destroyer of the Monasteries.

While those to Vehicles of Flame repair,
 Him o'er the Plain, and shine in dusky Air,
 Oft the fond Swain pursues the phantom Fires,
 Till from his Eyes the faithless Blaze retires,
 Sinks thro' a Bog, or in the Drains expires:
 The lonely Wretch bewails the transient Ray,
 And lost in Darkness dreads the devious Way.

Here could the warbling Muse instructive tell
 How thro' the Fen these papal Mansions fell,
 How *Thorney's* mitred Domes in Ruins lie,
 And gilded *Crowland*, emulously nigh.
 By Rage subdu'd each nodding Tow'r appears,
 And Rapine antedates the Waste of Years;
 Yet shall the Walls to future Times be known,
 The Pencil's Art retrieves the mouldring Stone;

See * *Millecent* the falling Fane sustains,
 And curious Lines record th' august Remains;
 But while the imag'd Ruins charm our Sight,
 The drooping Domes chastise the false Delight,
 'A fading Greatness in the Piece exprest
 Gives half the Form, and bids us with the rest.

But see where *Ely* aw'd stern *Henry's* Rage,
 The Lust of Rapine and the Shocks of Age,
 Nor Time nor Fury durst the Frame deface,
 While Saints and guardian Seraphs watch'd the
 Place.

See where her lofty Spire's unshaken Height
 Tow'rs in the Clouds, and strains the aching Sight
 High o'er the Waves the hallow'd Structure stands
 Like *Amman's* Temple fix'd on *Lybia's* Sands:

* The Ruins of *Crowland* Church and some others delineated by *Millecent*.

the Dome of *Gothic* Form, whose rev'rend Pile
 spreads a majestic Greatness round the Isle;
 Historic Glafs the Rolls of Time recalls,
 And sacred Sculpture breathes along the Walls,
 There mitred Saints an awful Rev'rence claim
 By figur'd Marble still preserv'd to Fame;
 Behold the crozier'd Form of *Hotham* rise
 By whom the lofty * Lantern gain'd the Skies,
 What tho' he sleeps enshrin'd beneath the Bust,
 His bounteous Zeal now vanish'd with his Dust,
 Yet his immortal Fame the Grave controuls,
 For Saints have Fame immortal as their Souls;
 Still is the Patriot by his Emblem known,
 And lives for ever in recording Stone.

* The Lantern of *Ely* Cathedral built by Bishop *Hotham*.

Why should I tell what sculptur'd Forms around
 Image each Chief that fills the hallow'd Ground
 What Heroes there with Prelates are deplor'd,
 How blended lie the Crozier and the Sword?
 Succeeding Ages shall their Fame adore
 Till Virtue dies, and Courage glows no more.
 Here green with Bays their sacred Urns we see,
 And what they are must greater * *Mordaunt* be,
 The honour'd Wreath shall flourish o'er his Brow,
 While Fame can plant, or *Cam* extend the Bough.

Here Thee, O ***, thy mournful *Cam* demands,
 Reluctant wandering thro' these lonely Lands,
 Slow o'er the Mud he drags his lazy Tides,
 Inglorious Officers here usurp his Sides,

* Earl of *Peterborough*.

Hebly he creeps with conscious Silence dull,
 Calm without Clearness, and ignobly full.

Do Thou, my Friend, forsake th' *Italian* Plains,
 Taught by the Muse to speak their ancient Strains,
 Breathe on thy *Cam* th' enlivening Verse, and clear
 The silent stillness that now slumbers there,
 Then shall his Stream made vocal by thy Lyre
 Above the tuneful Streams of *Rome* aspire;
 The *Po*, ennobled by the *Mantuan* Swain,
 No longer then the King of Floods shall reign,
 Shall roll inferior to th' immortal Tides,
 As *Cæsar's Rhone* to *Marlbro's Ister* glides,
Cam's lofty Flood shall scorn th' ignobler Streams,
 And own no Sovereign, but imperial *Thames*.

May 1. 1727.



T O
S I L V I A

Reading *Ovid's* Art of Love.



WHILE *Ovid's* Muse instructs the am-
orous Dame,

Warms her gay Thoughts, and disc-
plines the Flame ;

Can Female Souls the courtly Verse refuse?
Or mortal Nymphs be chaster than a Muse?
Reject the Lines, nor let his tuneful Art
Taint the clear Passion of thy virgin Heart.

As Verse like him can Woman's Will controul,
 Part thro' her Eyes, and steal into the Soul,
 While all the pleasing Follies of Mankind
 Crowd the vain Toyshop of a Female Mind.

A Should once thy Eyes the dang'rous Lines approve,
 That teach the Science of inglorious Love,
 How *Mars* compest fair *Ilia's* vestal Charms,
 Could thy weak Heart resist the God of Arms?
 When *Florio* courts thee with a pert Grimace,
 And Tinsels o'er his Impotence with Lace,
 Or when his Hands the copious Purse unfold,
 Like *Jove* to clasp thee in a Storm of Gold;
 Will no fair Lady, but in great Distress
 Fall the frail Victim of a modish Dress?
 Or how can *Danæ* with resistless Pow'r
 Ward the Male Vigour of a golden Show'r?

E

When

When rosy *Evion* toasts thy charming Name
 And on the votive Glass inscribes his Flame,
 Foams o'er the Bowl his high Deserts to raise
 Or breaks the Windows to resound thy Praise
 Wilt thou pronounce that jovial Lover rude?
 And is no Woman a deceitful Prude?

When *Strephon* fetter'd in thy am'rous Chain
 Sighs into Verse, and tunes his pensive Strains,
 Rhimes out the Pangs his throbbing Veins endure
 And from salubrious Nonsense seeks his Cure
 When he affirms, no Science e'er could trace
 What forms the beauteous Magic of the Face
 From whence proceed those subtle Flames that
 Arm'd in the Sparkle of the radiant Eye,

When *Silvia* throws her fable Glances round,
 And gives each Heart an everlasting Wound;
 Wilt thou with Scorn reject the flatt'ring Strain,
 And innocently let the Fool be vain?
 Wilt thou to Sonnets turn th'obdurate Ear
 Tun'd to thy Praise, which Females love to hear?
 For Women's Hearts the pleasing Dream pursue,
 When once they with the fond Delusion true,
 And while the Nymph entranc'd in Passion lies,
 Her Ears believe the Conquests of her Eyes.
 No more let *Ovid* claim thy studious Care,
 But guard thy Heart, and shun the am'rous Snare,
 May *Silvia's* Heart these chaster Numbers chuse,
 And while her Eyes the guiltless Lines peruse,
 Smile on the Poet, and reward his Muse.



JOB CHAP. XXIV. Ver. 29.

*They are exalted for a little while, but they
are gone and brought low, they are taken
out the Way as all other, and cut off
the Tops of the Ears of Corn.*

IRREGULAR ODE.

I.



O W transiēt is the Sinner's Breath
How soon the Victim of th' Avenger
Death!

The Wicked struggle from the Womb,
And only live to ripen for the Tomb.
Death the short Period of their Race surveys,
And sends her grim Associate pale Disease;

'Tis done — They feel the fatal Blow,

Or sink with Pain, or drag the lingering Woe:

They view the sickly Lamp with dread Surprise,

29. Too late the sickly Lamp demands Supplies.

ut the Vain Arts, alas! The fleeting Life to save!

2 take off For lo! The momentary Flame

Expires, and soon the mouldring Frame

Inherits creeping things, Corruption, and the Grave.

II.

breath Short, few, and evil are the Days of Man;

vengo But oh! What mad delusive Joys,

What vain Amusements, trifling Toys

nb, Fleet thro' the Scenes of Life, and crowd the scanty

Span!

The dismal Prospect, Muse, begin!

Trace thro' the World the various Forms of Sin;

Explore

Explore the Slaves of impious Mirth,
 And all the splendid Crimes on Earth;
 The Haunts of pompous Wickedness survey,
 But envy not when you behold
 In shining Heaps the Miser roll'd
 And brooding o'er his pilfer'd Gold,
 While cloathed with sordid Shame defrauded O
 phans stray.
 Place the lewd lawless Tyrant on the Throne,
 Prov'd by the longest Sword his own,
 Let his imperial Nod whole Nations awe,
 And his despotic Will be Law,
 Let his dire Steel thro' honest Hearts be thrust,
 While Pride and arbitrary Lust
 Give Sanction to the Blow, and doom the Murder
 just.

III.

Turn thine Eye, behold, and see
 Love and pamper'd Luxury,
 See the wanton Nymphs advance,
 While the tuneful Strings around
 In smoothest Measure sweetly sound,
 Or brisker Strains provoke the sprightly Dance.
 Safe from Care, from Sorrow free,
 Th' unwary Epicure supine
 Tastes the full Pleasures of the flowing Bowl,
 And drowns in liquid Joys his thoughtless Soul,
 Around the Silver Verge the blushing Rose
 Adds a new Splendor to the impurpled Wine
 Which with redoubled Lustre glows.
 The treach'rous Juice excites the am'rous Fire,
 And wakes th' unhallow'd Flames of vain Desire,

The Slave of Sin a vitious ardour Warm,
 The Nymph unguarded yields her conquer'd Charm
 And sinks into the Drunkard's Arms;
 The Banquet swells with wanton Pride,
 And ev'ry pamper'd Passion's variously supply'd.

IV.

Are these, vain Man, the happy Souls
 Whose firm Delight no adverse Star controuls,
 Whose Joys mistaken Envy views,
 And with fallacious Hope pursues?
 No more, deluded Wretch, believe
 That Sin, tho' fair, can ne'er deceive,
 Thou know'st not what the angry Fates ordain,
 Forbidden Joys the Seeds of Woe retain,
 And ev'ry pleasing Crime teems with vindictive
 Pain.

A while the meteor Pleasure strays,
 And darts around its dazzling Rays,
 A while its gaudy Influence streams,
 A while the short Effulgence gleams,
 But soon shall thy unclouded Sight
 View the black Sun-set of the treach'rous Light,
 Soon shall the transient Blaze retire,
 Sink in the Gloom of Death, and dreadfully expire.

V.

When Heav'n withdraws its guardian Aid
 Unnumber'd Woes the Sinner's Breast invade,
 Th' Almighty waves his wrathful Wand,
 And hurls the various Vengeance from his Hand,
 Then all the previous Ills of Fate,
 Meager Want, corroding Care,
 Anxious Grief, and pale Despair,

And all the dire attendant Band
 Which at Death's ghastly Portal stand
 In terrible Array, and take her dread Command
 All these in gloomy Pomp appear,
 Round the declining Sinner grimly wait,
 And with precluding Torments speak his Exit near
 The Miser dwindles to decay,
 The Tyrant totters on his Throne,
 No longer now his own,
 And feels of rebel Slaves th' alternate Sway;
 The Libertine o'erwhelm'd by early Death
 No more enjoys the Hautboy's tuneful Breath,
 Conscious he burns, he feels the Worm within,
 And all the penal Stings of Sin,
 For Musick's Charms the tortur'd Ghosts he hears,
 Wail horrible around, and rack his tingling Ears.

VI

As by the fatal Sickle shorn
Droop the full Beauties of the waving Corn,
Or as the Flowers of the Field
To gloomy Night their transient Glories yield,
So soon the gayest Sinners fly,
So soon they languish, fade, and die;
Heav'n does soon its Wrath begin,
When its reluctant Eye surveys their ripen'd Sin,
On Earth no more their Place is found,
But black Oblivion and eternal Night
Brood on the dark Vacuity around,
And cloud the once refulgent Light.
No Spark does then appear
To tell that once they were,

No flatt'ring Marble can preserve their Name,
Nor fix it in the Rolls of Fame,
A Place shall to their Relicks be deny'd,
And Death with wasteful Triumph ride,
O'er the poor scorn'd Remains of Envy, Lust and
Pride.





A

PARAPHRASE

UPON

The Ninth Chapter of the REVELATIONS.

I.



WHAT strange Emotion fires my la-
b'ring Soul?

What heav'nly Impulse fills my swell-
ling Veins?

Thro' all my Limbs the rising Horrors roll,

And o'er my Breast the big Infusion reigns.

Mortals,

Mortals, attend; to you th' Event I shew,
 To you the memorable Woes belong,
 Let future Times th' important Vision know,
 And Age to Age record the wondrous Song.
 What I reveal with due Observance hear,
 Start at your fatal Doom, and own the conscious
 Fear.

II.

I saw from Heav'n a gliding Star descend
 Commission'd to unfold the Deep below,
 I saw the Deep with quick Convulsions rend,
 And open all the flaming Gulphs of Woe.
 Darkning around a smouldring Vapour broke,
 Wide thro' the Gloom the spiral Sulphur rose
 Like curling Volumes of ascending Smoke,
 When some capacious Furnace darkly glows:

Enwrapp'd

Enwrapp'd in dusky Wreaths th' expanded Night,
 Gloom'd shadowing o'er the Skies, and veil'd the
 fainting Light.

III.

Sudden I saw from out th' infernal Lake
 In fierce Array embattled Locusts rise,
 I saw them thence their dreadful Journey take
 Like a black Cloud flow-moving to the Skies,
 Strong as the War-horse their big Forms appear'd
 Pawing impatient for the martial Race,
 High on their Heads their golden Helmets rear'd
 Crown'd the stern Image of an human Face,
 Down from their golden Helms their waving Hair
 Stream'd terrible behind, and swam in ambient
 Air.

IV. Fierce

IV.

Fierce as a Flame they gleam'd along the Field,
 Their figur'd Arms were various to behold,
 Myst'rious Names were grav'd on ev'ry Shield,
 And monstrous Forms emboss'd the frowning Gold.
 Forth as they march'd a sanguine Splendor came,
 Forth from their Mouths contagious Volumes flow'd,
 From their wide Nostrils roll'd the livid Flame,
 And their sharp Tongues with fiery Hissings glow'd:
 In their sharp Tongues two pointed Spears they
 wore,
 And in their Scorpion Tails vindictive Poisons bore.

V.

Where will th' important Desolation end?
 To what sad Clime confine it, wasteful Way?

Will

Will it against the Works of Nature tend

The Fields, the Woods, the Rivers, or the Sea?

Ah! no, ye blooming Offspring of the Ground,

Your native Innocence averts the Blow,

Breathe still, ye Flow'rs, nor feel the fatal Wound,

Glide on, ye Streams, nor dread impending Woe.

The Flow'rs shall breathe, the Streams shall freely

glide,

Till Heav'n with human Blood distain the rising

Tide.

VI.

To Men alone, you impious Sons of Earth,

Justly to you is lingring Vengeance come,

Too late Remorse succeeds the Sinner's Mirth,

When Heav'n's reluctant Wrath decrees his Doom.

You, on whose Brows with foul Infcription stain'd
 Seals of Idolatry pernicious shine,
 Whose Hands obscene with Pagan Rites prophan'd
 Fed the strange Altar and polluted Shrine;
 Whose Brands your merited Destruction tell,
 Those Brands of Sin and Death, of Infamy and Hell.

VII.

Sudden I saw a radiant Streamer move
 With Pagan Characters emblazon'd round,
 Pleasure the Idol Goddess thron'd above
 With various Pomp the golden Ensign crown'd.
 There stood the painted Forms of Crimes refin'd,
 And all the lewd Attendants of her Pride,
 Mad Mirth before, and meager Lust behind,
 The sensual Atheist, and adult'rous Bride;

A fair Disguise they wore, deform'd within
 Sate falsely-smiling Vice, and Death-conceiving Sin.

VIII.

While thus I stood deep musing in my Mind
 I heard a Voice break thro' an angry Cloud,
 That borne impetuous on the sounding Wind
 Thus to th' infernal Legions call'd aloud;
 Hither, ye ghastly Instruments of Fate,
 These my dire Foes, and this your destin'd Prey:
 These the just Victims of my vengeful Hate,
 Wing your swift Flight, and hither urge your Way.
 Startling they rush'd, and from their poisonous
 Breath
 Flash'd the sulphureous Flame, and scatter'd Seeds
 of Death.

See thro' the Land the black Battalions walk,
 Wrath and Revenge beneath their Banners lie,
 See the grim Pestilence before them stalk,
 And point where'er the just Destroyers fly.
 Now the full Vial of Almighty Ire
 Streams on the World, and pours down all its Woes,
 Earth, Heav'n and Hell with mutual Rage conspire
 When God descends to scourge his rebel Foes.
 See from his Hand the flaming Vengeance hurl'd
 Sweeps the devoted Earth, and wide devours the
 World.





ON THE
DEATH
OF

Mrs. *ANNE N***L.*

*Heu! nimium, Virgo, nimium crudele lufi
Supplicium——— Virg.*



HALL Virtue unrecorded yield its

Breath?

Shall blooming Beauty lie deform'd

by Death?

Rise thou, my Muse, and o'er her virgin Herse

Pay the last Friendship of memorial Verse;

Let

Let Merit triumph o'er the envious Grave,
And Truth commend what Science wish'd to save

When pale Disease some vulgar Form invades,
And adds the vile Plebeian to the Shades,
Few are the Tears that grace th' unheeded Urn,
The obvious Stroke forbids us long to mourn;
But oh! when rising Virtue is the Prize,
When Beauty falls, or infant Glory dies,
Tears then have Tongues, and speaking Sorrows
shew

That, not to own our Grief, is not to know.

How well, blest Shade, did thy auspicious Ray
Dawn into Life, and promise perfect Day!
Rapt into future Joys our distant Sight
View'd the full Splendor of maturer Light,

Our Hopes enlarg'd the Vision of our Eye,
 And imag'd something too sublime to die;
 But ah! How soon delusive Glory fades!
 How soon the transient Phantom joins the Shades!
 In vain we mourn our Impotence of Skill,
 Condemn our Conduct, or arraign our Will,
 And grieve reflective Anguish makes us see
 That all, we fancy'd Chance, was doom'd to be.

Shall Verse to thee its tuneful Aid refuse?
 Thee late the Muse's Friend, thy self a Muse.
 Thy soaring Thought a manly Warmth confess,
 Rome's ancient Style inform'd thy vig'rous Breast,
 Thy blooming Bays diffus'd a lively Grace,
 Fair as the Roses that adorn'd thy Face.
 What tho' thy Charms a fatal Influence shed,
 Tho' by thy Eyes a thousand Lovers bled,

Yet o'er thy Slaves a gen'rous Tear distill'd,
 Thy Verse ennobled whom thy Beauty kill'd.

Had Fate relenting spar'd thy lovely Frame,
 Nor Heav'n recall'd its ministerial Flame,
 Had we beheld the nuptial Glory shine,
 Thy Virtues imag'd in a Face like thine —
 But while thy Soul an honest Flame confest,
 E're *Hymen's* Torch was kindled in thy Breast,
 Death grimly smiling on thy ripen'd Charms
 Snatch'd thee to his inhospitable Arms,
 With thee subdu'd our future Hopes we see,
 Love, Beauty, Wit, and all that pleas'd in thee.

So when the Sun displays his trembling Beams
 O'er the smooth Wave, and gilds the limpid
 Streams,

Reflected

Reflected Prospects on the Water glide,
And *Silvan* Scenes float various with the Tide,
But if an angry Storm involve the Skies,
Swift from our Sight the gay Delusion flies,
And all confus'd the airy Vision dies.





P A R A P H R A S E

U P O N

Esdras Book II. Chap. vi. Ver. 3



H O U, Lord, didst frame the spacious

Globe of Earth,

Thy genial Word inform'd the world

drous Birth ;

Thy quickning Pow'r dissolv'd th' eternal Sleep,

Pierc'd the still Mass, and rous'd th' unactive Deep

As yet appear'd no dawning Streaks of Light,

But the dark Womb of unessential Night

Gloom

oom'd o'er the Void, till thy enlivening Ray
 one thro' thy Works, and spread primæval Day.

Again Thou badst the soaring Splendor rise,
 at the mid Space, and Stream thro' parted
 Skies;

gh at thy Word the soaring Splendor flew,
 thro' the mid Skies a bright Division grew;

hou badst the radiant Barrier firmly glow
 between the Seas above, and Skies below,
 which dispers'd along the cloudy Pole

the struggling Seeds of infant Thunders roll,
 form'd by thy Hand to rend the dusky Air,
 and raise the Terror of the Lightning's Glare,
 to wound the sinful Soul with grumbling Noise,
 and roar the Emblem of thy angry Voice,

Thy Word beneath the Ocean's watry Caves
 Drove the rude Concourse of collected Waves,
 Aw'd by thy Pow'r th' obsequious Waters fled,
 Sunk thro' the Globe, and sought their oozy Bed
 But soon return'd in circulating Rills,
 Gush'd thro' the Vales, and climb'd the lofty Hills
 The lofty Hills beheld with wild Surprize
 From Vales below aspiring Waters rise,
 Nor less with Wonder fill'd the Vales below
 View'd from the Hills the trickling Moisture flow
 Soft from the Mountains stream'd the watry Train
 And purl'd in gurgling Murmurs o'er the Plain.

By thee the teeming Fields with genial Pow'r
 Unlock'd the infant Fragrancies of Flow'rs,

A gay Creation ting'd th' enamel'd Earth,
 And sweetly smil'd the party-colour'd Birth,
 Thou didst the Splendor of their * Beams bestow,
 By thee with Scents they please, with Flame they
 glow.

Then rose the Trees with various Beauty crown'd,
 And ripen'd instantaneous from the Ground,
 Round the tall Cedar curl'd the circling Vine,
 Blush'd into Fruit, and spoke th' inherent Wine,
 On the rough Hills appear'd a shady Train,
 And with a sylvan Pride imbrown'd the Plain.

The gilded Orbs of Light did next arise,
 Glow'd from thy Hand, and shone in dusky Skies;
 Thou from the Force of each collected Ray
 Didst frame the fiery Ruler of the Day,

* Παμπόρφους ἀκτῖνες purple Beams, Pindar Ode VI.

Full in the midst the radiant Monarch shone,
 Imperial Glories blaz'd around his Throne,
 Unmov'd himself, he wonder'd to behold
 Attendant Worlds in circling Splendor roll'd,
 By thee ordain'd with fainter Streams of Light,
 To cheer the dreary Gloom, and rule the Night,
 By thee the Moon, pale Delegate of Day
 Reflective shone, and spread the borrow'd Ray,
 By thee those other Suns, each fiery Star
 Rose high, and twinkled emulous from far,
 Sun-like th' unshaken Orbs disdain'd to roll,
 And with a fix'd Effulgence throng'd the Pole.





E P I G R A M

FROM THE

G R E E K.



See * * * 's extended Nose appear,

The Herald to proclaim himself is near,

He'll come ; let's stay a while, for I

suppose

He's not above a Mile behind his Nose.

To view his giant Nose is all we can,

Mount yonder Hill, you'll see the pigmy Man.

UPON



U P O N
C O E L I A
Sick of the
S M A L L P O X



E E the malign envenom'd Pain
Shoot thro' ev'ry tainted Vein!
With hostile Force the Flames engage
And feed the growing Fever's Rage:
Fierce to assail the vital Urn
Thro' ev'ry Artery they burn,

And to consume that Heart conspire
That glow'd with a more gen'rous Fire,

The blooming Cheek, whose virgin Rose

Did such a beauteous Blush disclose,

So sweetly did Affection move,

So warmly redden'd into Love,

No more exerts its pleasing Skill,

No more can boast a Pow'r to kill,

How soon its varying Colour flies!

How soon unstable Beauty dies!

Ah how the Breast, that ne'er before

One Blot of foul Contagion bore,

Whose panting Whiteness did declare

Pure was the Soul that harbour'd there,

Throbs with a fierce consuming Fire,

And heaves with Torture, not Desire,

Hence envious Flame, nor dare to prove
Foe to the softer Flames of Love.

Where Love and Innocence combine,
Their Pow'r shall triumph over Thine,
The Dart, that arms her potent Eye,
Does all thy weaker Darts defy,
Thy feebler Shaft can but controul
The Body; her's commands the Soul.
A while the languid Orbs decay,
The transient Splendors fade away;
Yet tho' the trickling Eyelid show
A Heart dissolv'd with inward Woe,
The Nymph that ever glow'd so fair,
Shall scorn the Paleness of Despair,
A more diffusive Influence shed,
And thousands die where one has bled,

'Tis thus the Rose and Lily fade
 beneath the Night's unwholsome Shade,

at, at the glad Approach of Day,
 their new enliven'd Charms display,

again their lovely Beauties yield,
 and smile with Fragrance round the Field.





GEORGII BUCHANAN

A D N E Æ R A M.



QUALITER ad solem foliis moti

entibus arent

Candida virgineâ Lilia secta manu

Paulatim lento sic maceror igne, Neæra,

Ut primum radii me tetigere tui.

At mihi dum roseis tractim das oscula labris,

Sentit & attactus debilis umbra tuos,

Mens redit, & vigor ignescit, velut herba resurgit

Cum levis arentem recreat imber humum.

ergo quando oculis pereuntem me oscula sanant,

Et mea in arbitrio vitæque morsque tuo est:

erda, neca, ut visum est; sed dum perco, oscula

junge,

Sæpe ut sic vivam, sic volo sæpe mori.





BUCHANAN'S
EPIGRAM

TO

NEÆRA,

PARAPHRAS'd.



When some cruel Virgin's Pow'r,
Tears from its Stem the sprightly
Flow'r,

Scorch'd by the Sun's attracting Fires
Sudden the transient Bloom retires,
And all its fragrant Soul expires;



thus, *Chloe*, when thy beauteous Ray

does o'er my dazled Eyeballs play,

When my vital Springs depart,

And Calentures consume my Heart,

When Emblem of the Flow'r I lie,

To burn, I languish, faint and die.

I'll freely like the Flow'r decay.

But when thy rosy Lips bestow

The Charms which there can only glow,

Too a mutual Ardour boast,

Thy balmy Breath recalls my Ghost ;

My Heart returns, my Eyes revive,

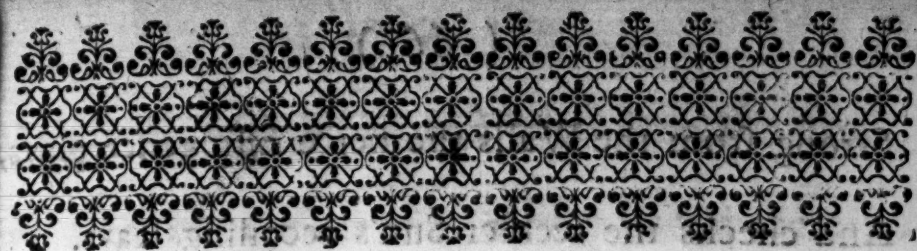
And tell thee, fair one, I'm alive.

Since then you thus command my Breath,

Sole Arbitress of Life and Death,

Bid all your Beauties dart Disease;
 Vex, torture, kill me as you please,
 But as you kill assuage my Pain,
 And kiss me into Life again,
 For since you thus your Lips employ,
 To save the Man your Eyes destroy,
 I'll freely like the Flow'r decay,
 And die an hundred times a Day.





THE
HOUSE
OF THE
GOD of WAR,

Translated from the seventh Book of Statius's Thebais.

HIGH on Mount *Hæmus* stood the
dreadful Pile,
Worthy the Site and Genius of the
Soil,

Steel did the Structure of the Dome compose,

Steel were the Sides, of Steel the Portal rose ;

K

Strong

Strong from the Walls the fierce Effulgence plays,
 And checks the feeble Sun's recoiling Rays.
 First daring Rapine in the Front appears,
 Cloak'd Treason, Anger red, and pallid Tears,
 The Traytor-Friend a lurking Dagger wore,
 And Discord's Hand the Sword of Variance bore;
 Unnumber'd Terrors menac'd loud within,
 Rough the dire Noise, and clatt'ring was the Din.
 Right in the midst distress Misfortune stood,
 And laughing Madness, and Death grim with Blood:
 The Gore of Armies round his Altar flows,
 Whose hallow'd Flame from burning Cities glows.
 The Dome's high Top the Spoils of Nations grace,
 And form the vaulted Sculpture of the Place,
 The Wrecks of Ships, and Cars of shatter'd Steel,
 And their dead Master crush'd beneath the Wheel.

Wounds ran with Blood, and Battel seem'd to stare,
 Ev'n Sighs and Groans were almost imag'd there:

Amidst each Portrait in the dire Abode

The surly genuine Frown confess'd the God,

Such did the warrior Image gruffly low'r,

Such stood the stern Effect of *Vulcan's* Pow'r.





THE
HOUSE
OF THE
GOD of SLEEP,
FROM

The Tenth Book of *Statius's Thebais*.



BEYOND the Confines of the Western
Moors,

Where lingring Fogs obscure the sickly
Shores,

Stands a dull Grove; no subtle Beams of Light
Pierce the thick Darkness of th'impervious Night;

A Den

A Den beneath, which rugged Rocks surround,
 Yawns thro' a Hill within the cavern'd Ground;
 Here lazy Nature Sleep's Asylum chose,
 And fix'd th' eternal Mansions of Repose.
 Sloth and Oblivion, idle Sisters, wait
 Before the Entrance of the sacred Gate,
 Silence far off repells th'intruding Breeze,
 And stills the chatt'ring Birds and rustling Trees.
 Not all the roarings of the boiling Deep
 Or Thunder's Rage disturb the peaceful Sleep.
 A Stream along the Cavern's rocky Sides
 Without one gurgling Murmur smoothly glides;
 Round lie the fable Herds, and all around
 A blighting Vapour, steaming from the Ground,
 Wide o'er the Cave its drowzy Influence pours,
 Withers the infant Herb, and blasts the rising Flow'rs.

Within

Within the dewy Grot a Couch was spread,
 Where free from Care the God supine was laid,
 And drooping Poppies faded round his Head;
 Beneath his lazy Limbs the Carpets sweat,
 Slow from his Mouth exhales a sultry Heat,
 His Hair dishevell'd by this Hand is born,
 While that droops down unmindful of the Horn
 A Train of Dreams, Night's black Attendants, wait
 Hang on the Walls, or flutter round the Gate,
 These the gay Shape of flatt'ring Pleasures wear,
 And those the sullen Visage of Despair,
 Some true, some false in various Forms appear.
 A Lamp, scarce breaking thro' the genuine Gloom,
 Scatters a dubious Glimmering round the Room,
 Trembling a while the feeble Taper glows,
 Then sinks expiring, and invites Repose.

To Dr. * * *

Vita per Te longa, Ars brevis.



A IL sacred Artift! what enlivening Skill

Flows from thy Hand, and arms each

quickning Pill!

Nature her self perceives the glad Surprize,

And views thee here her great Vicegerent rise.

In vain Destruction arms her ghastly Train,

Pale Sickness, pining Heats, or frantic Pain,

Thy stronger Arts the ghastly Train withstand,

And mock the Rage of Death's deluded Hand;

Vex'd

Vex'd at thy Skill a new Revenge she tries,
 And sounds the Trump of Variance thro' the Skies
 Then like the Vultur haunts th' embattled Plain
 Feeds on the mangled Carnage of the Slain,
 Or grasps the Prey by coward Treason gor'd,
 Aims the Thief's Gun, and wields the Murderer
 Sword.

Strange Pow'r, that thus each fleeting Form
 save,
 Vie with Creation, and elude the Grave!
 See the fond Youth implores thy guardian Aid,
 Death's envious Hand demands some sickly Maid
 Sadly thy Arts relieve the am'rous Boy,
 And teach th' enliven'd Beauty to destroy,
 Revive the Charms that youthful Hearts ensnare,
 And bid the Nymph be fatal as she's fair.

What Muse shall now in plaintive Numbers tell
 How sweet the Lady liv'd; how soon she fell?
 What sighing Lover o'er *Belinda's* Herse
 Speak the soft Sorrow and sepulchral Verse?
 Thy Arts forbid us to inscribe the Urn,
 And Elegy by thee forgets to mourn.

How pleas'd are we to trace thro' ev'ry Part
 The secret Systems of thy various Art,
 Each embrio Atom curiously to scan,
 And view the dawning Miniature of Man,
 How from the Mass, which genial Seeds compose,
 That Spark of infant Entity arose,
 That sweetly thence its gradual Beauty took,
 Bloom'd into Charms, and form'd a *Celia's* Look;

Or how thy Hand protects the Fair from Ill,
 How each Distemper owns thy sov'reign Skill,
 Tho' short's the Period of our mortal Breath,
 You thin the Triumphs of Disease and Death.

Thy ruling Pow'r the Deluge Dropsy spy'd,
 Ebb'd at thy Call, and shrunk its less'ning Tide,
 Smoothly you bad the liquid Pains escape,
 And the rude Mass emaciate into Shape,
 Aw'd by thy Voice the trembling Ague flies,
 At thy Command its various Poison dies,
 No more our Veins the boiling Torrent know,
 But with salubrious Calmness gently glow.

Green-sickness blush'd, her sanguine Looks pro-

claim

The active Blood rekindling into Flame;

The conscious Maid with native Beauty gay
 Views her new Charms in bright Confusion play;
 No mimic Arts reflect a borrow'd Grace,
 Tinge the dead Paleness, and disguise her Face,
 The purple Streams a genuine Blush disclose,
 And the true Crimson speaks th' inherent Rose.

His marble Nymph thus griev'd *Pygmalion* view'd,
 Cold, lifeless, pale the mute Creation stood,
Venus beheld the suppliant Boy's Distress,
 And crown'd his Labours with the wish'd Success:
 She bad the vital Pow'rs exert their Strife,
 And warm each varied Atom into Life,
 Th' enliven'd Stone confess'd the *Cyprian* Dame,
 Felt the soft Passion, and imbib'd the Flame.

AN
EPISTLE
TO A
PAINTER
Occasioned by the
MARRIAGE
OF

The Honourable *Mrs.****



Thou, whose Hand recording Paint

supplies,

Whose Colours bloom when feeble

Nature dies,

Whether thy Art th' enliven'd Canvas grace,

And shine creative in some beauteous Face,

If thy Hand some Hero's Deeds recall,
 Where the free Stroke imprints the Historic Wall,
 In thy Strength, exert a nobler Part,
 Eminent * * * claims a *Raphael's* Art,
 In breathing Paint her Nuptial Scene unfold,
 And image Glories that can scarce be told,
 Strong thro' the Piece a genuine Warmth diffuse,
 And duteous thus attend th' instructive Muse.

First let thy Hand uprear a pompous Dome,
 * * * Scene of Delight and Wonders yet to come,
 Paint let *Iris* tinge the various Arch above,
 And the bright Ceiling glow with pictur'd Love,
 feeble Around the Walls emblaz'd with lasting Flames
 Draw the rich Ensigns of victorious Dames,
 Let Angel Cupids with protecting Pow'r
 Watch o'er the Columns of the mystic Bow'r,

In silver Plumes their guardian Wings unfold,
Or round the Gate expand their waving Gold,

High in the Center of a proud Alcove
In heav'nly Dics enthrone the Queen of Love,
Fair as when first th' Imperial Beauty stood
Rear'd on the Waves, and grac'd the teeming Flood
Let virgin Nymphs in Shades contrasted play,
Fade in her Blaze, and own th' immortal Ray,
Let courtly Youths with blooming Airs be seen,
And filial Loves glow round their parent Queen.

Then, if thou dar'st Salmoneus like aspire,
And strive to paint inimitable Fire,
Near to her Throne adorn'd with Beauty's Pride
Let *Hymen's* Hand conduct th' illustrious Bride,

Charms thro' her Face ineffable must glow,
 And Love himself th' immortal Airs bestow,
 But ah! what Frailties to our Arts belong!
 How coy is Beauty that has Charms too strong!
 Ah! let thy Hand the fading Tincture spare,
 Nor vainly wish to form Perfection there,
 She on her Race that Image must confer,
 And teem with Beauties that can rival her.

Just may thy Hand to other Forms be found,
 And group the tutelary Graces round,
 Draw' kindred Virtue in the noblest Part,
 Known by her Emblem an untainted Heart,
 Prudential Care that guards the just Affairs,
 And decent Pride that scorns Plebeian Airs,
 Truth with good Nature in the Piece display,
 Sense without Noise, and Wit with Breeding gay.

Plac'd

Plac'd at her Side in sprightly Colours frame
 A Hero worthy of so fair a Dame,
 Brave and majestic let his Form arise,
 Youth in his Face, and Vigour in his Eyes.
 The manly Graces must surround their Lord,
 Let Courage here discreetly wave the Sword,
 Bid Learning next adorn the Hero's Side,
 Each various Science, but without its Pride,
 Let Honour too his just Distinction hold,
 Fame lead the Muse, and Wealth attend in Gold

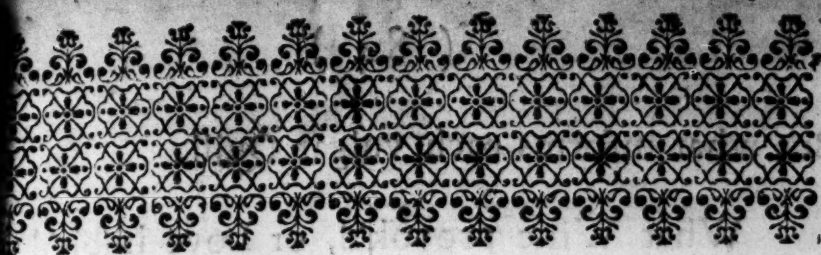
Hark! from the Piece imagin'd Accents break,
 Thy *Venus* lives; the Goddess seems to speak,
 " All Hail, illustrious Pair, whose Hearts approve
 " Connubial Rites, and join in Bands of Love,

Thou blooming Virgin, whose celestial Charms
 Glow with Desire to crown that Hero's Arms,
 Shalt teem luxuriant with a num'rous Race
 Brave as his Vigour, beauteous as thy Face,
 Fate shall improve the Flames which Love begun,
 And the fair Series in long Order run ;
 No more these Eyes shall fatal Beams display,
 No more like Comets glare a dang'rous Ray,
 From hence their friendly Orbs shall bless the
 " Sight,
 And shine propitious as the Pow'r of Light,
 Thy Love shall now its genial Warmth employ,
 And fill that World thy Eyes did once destroy.

See, Painter, see what lasting Glories shine
 Fix'd on the Race of * * * 's princely Line,

Succeeding Years their genuine Charms shall know
 And each fair Image in thy Tinctures glow,
 Thee like a God attendant Beauties raise,
 Thy own Creation speaks its Author's Praise,





TO A
GENTLEMAN
UPON HIS
POEMS.



W HILE round the Masters of the Lyre

Admiring crowds their Tribute bring,

And with a grateful Voice inspire

The melting Lute, or sweep the String:

New to the Poet's heav'nly Skill,

With no melodious Rapture fir'd,

But what informs each vulgar Quill,
 What Wine provok'd, or Love inspir'd;

I sought not Fame, nor Censure fear'd,
 Content to see, unfit to Praise,
 And with an awful Rev'rence heard
 The Triumphs of superior Lays.

At length awaken'd by thy Fame
 Th' embolden'd Reptile leaves the Ground,
 Th' enliven'd Muse usurps a Name,
 And tinkles in Poetic Sound.

But how shall Infant Strains proceed,
 Unless thy manly Art conspire
 To guide the Hand, and tune the Reed,
 To swell the Sound, and add the Fire.

Thy Labours beg no foreign Praise,

No mercenary Trumpet claim,

What but thy own unrival'd Lays

Can speak the Author's wond'rous Fame?

With ardent Wings the Muse I see

High soaring with a vig'rous Flight,

High she must soar to sing of Thee,

Yet dreads she not th' *Icarian* Height.

Beyond the loftiest Clouds she springs,

Nor fears the fierce dissolving Flame,

While on thy Bays she rests her Wings,

And on thy Laurel chaunts thy Fame.



THE
MAGIC LANTERN,

Translated from the Latin of Mr. TITLEY.



Sing the Forms which magic Pow'rs
impart,

The thin Creation of delusive Art,
And thro' the ambient Gloom bright Shapes display
Hid from the Sun, nor conscious of the Day.

Expand the sportive Scene, the Lantern show,
No gleam of Day must thro' the Darkness glow;

The fleeting Forms abhor the envious Light,
Love the brown Shade, and only live by Night.

Darkling and silent in her lonely Cell,
The Sorceress thus exerts her mystic Spell,
Calls forth the Spectres, and unpeoples Hell;
But when the Morn unfolds her purple Ray,
Start the pale Ghosts, and fly approaching Day.

See thro' the Gloom the fiery Splendor fall;
Glares the red *Lens* around the dusky Wall;
'Tis thus the sanguine Ray of *Cynthia* streams,
When magic Spells obstruct her lab'ring Beams,
And shiv'ring Ghosts from Earth's reluctant Womb
Fore'd by *Thessalian* Charms glide round the gaping
Tomb.

Of various Forms an incoherent Train
 Fills the bright Orb, and crowds the pictur'd Plain;
 Here with rude Pomp the Satire Shapes advance,
 Frisk with their Tails, and lead the sylvan Dance;
 A dread Grimace does ev'ry Look defile,
 And each grins horribly a ghastly Smile;
 No more my Eyes the uncouth Scene pursue,
 A lovelier Prospect rises to my View;
 Here sceptred Monarchs glare in bright Array,
 There blooming Maids in beauteous Lustre play.

Next these the Knight who lends vindictive Aid;
 What Shape more worthy to succeed the Maid?
 In hostile Mood the warrior Wights appear,
 Fierce at the Dragon flies the conqu'ring Spear;

In vain he stands uprear'd in waving Spires,
 In vain his Tongue emits envenom'd Fires,
 See where his flaming Crest is doom'd to feel
 An Arm victorious and resistless Steel.
 Blest Champion! but how soon the Conquest flies,
 How soon the transient Pomp eludes our Eyes!
 To the thin Air the fading Warriors yield,
 And glide reluctant from the painted Field.

Far hence ye Forms of War—see *Bacchus* shine,
 His rosy Cheeks proclaim the God of Wine,
 And round his Head the purple Clusters twine.
 How soon the airy Shade our Hopes destroys!
 So fleets the golden Dream of human Joys.

Next Grins a Form of pallid Horror-full,
 Emblem of dreary Death a lifeless Scull,

The naked Cheeks no graceful Beauties wear,
 The barren Scalp's despoil'd of waving Hair;
 A tott'ring Tooth the fractur'd Jaws between
 Hangs dismally alone; no Eyes are seen,
 But all's a dark Vacuity within.

Soon from our Sight Death's frightful image Flies
 Whose place a Shape more terrible Supplies;
 Slow thro' the Darkness stalks a baleful Spright,
 No drearier Phantom of illfated Night
 Haunts the sad Slumbers of some lonely Dame,
 That nods delirious o'er th' expiring Flame;
 When dimly blew the conscious Lamps appear,
 And clank of Chains proclaims the Spectre near
 Down from its Head the mournful Shroud depends
 Beneath its Feet the plaited Garment ends,

The ghastly Face a dismal Paleness wears,
 The trembling Hand a livid Taper bears.
 Far off advis'd ye tim'rous Virgins fly,
 Far from the dreadful Scene avert your Eye,
 In soft Repose the horrid Ghost will seem
 To haunt your Slumbers, and revive in Dream;
 Suffus'd with trickling Sweat you'll strive in vain
 With circling Arms some friendly Youth to gain,
 Bewail your lonely Bed with wild Affright,
 And dread the lengthen'd Horrors of the Night.

Such are the Forms the crowded Prospect shows,
 But if too far the long Reflection glows,
 Round the bright Orb a dim Confusion plays,
 And a wild Mass of undistinguish'd Rays.
 So tinctur'd Canvas rude in ev'ry Part,
 Shows the first Traces of the Pencil's Art;

Scarce can our Eyes discern the dubious Plan,
And gain some faint Resemblance of a Man.

Now let the Splendor of returning Light
Strike thro' the artificial Shades of Night ;
Lo the strong Flame the airy Phantoms shun,
Fade in the Blaze, and die before the Sun.
Thus when the Limbs recline in soft Repose,
With various Forms the wakeful Fancy glows,
Men, Beasts and Birds, an unconnected Train
Compose the motly Vision of the Brain ;
Here in long order Fun'ral Torches gleam,
There royal Triumphs gild the pompous Dream.
When lo the purple Blush of Morning Light
From th' op'ning Eye dispels the Shades of Night,
The brighten'd Scenes their usual Aspect wear,
And the false Dream dissolves in shapeless Air.



TO A
L A D Y

Upon seeing her PICTURE.



H A T Hand Creation's Pow'r invades,

And tries its rival Skill

To arm with Flames th' enliven'd

Shades,

And teach ev'n Paint to kill?

Recorded by the Pencil's Art

Thy imag'd Beauty shines,

And mimic Life thro' ev'ry Part

Informs the semblant Lines.

But tho' the lovely Phantom glow,
 And charm in Life's Disguise,
 Tho' the Breast emulate the Snow,
 And Lightning arm the Eyes;

Yet, fair one, thy superior Flames
 No Art can fully trace,
 In vain the Idol Picture aims
 To reach thy Goddess Face.

Wouldst thou in lasting Charms excell
 When these no more shall glow,
 And bid transplanted Beauties tell
 What Grace adorns thee now;

Submit to *Cupid's* genial Law,

With *Hymen's* Rites agree,

Love only can those Graces draw

That bloom so bright in thee.

Then mayst thou view in comely Prime

The Daughter Beauty shine,

And her fair Face to future Time

Record the Charms of Thine.





THE
PLEASURES
OF
ANGLING.

Translated from the *Musæ Anglicanæ*.



THE Man too great a Blessing gains,
Whose Hand the trembling Reed sustains,
Deluding with his artful Hook
The Fish recoiling to the Brook.

No Care his easy Hours annoys

Nor breaks the Series of his Joys;

He shuns the Courtier's slippery Fame,

Nor flies at Honour's empty Game.

He envies not the Miser's Gain,

That's got by Care, and kept with Pain:

He feels no anxious Client's Fate,

Nor duns the lingring Lawyer's Gate.

No Storms at Sea perplex his Mind,

He bargains with no flattering Wind.

Calm by a purling Stream from far

He flies the hoarse Alarm of War.

His angling Sports suspend his Care,

He finds a grateful Silence there,

When Jars distract th' uneasy Dome,

And all is Noise and Strife at home.

Soon as the Morn her Bed forsakes,
 He with the Morning Vigil wakes,
 With chearful Draughts his Soul he warms,
 Then round him girds his various Arms;
 And with a Mind whose Heav'n outvies
 The Prospect of serenest Skies,
 Calm o'er the Fields he bends his Way,
 Insidious to the watry Prey,
 Where *Thames* with tuneful Murmurs glides,
 Or *Trent* descends in foaming Tides.
 Around the matin Birds he hears,
 And *Sylvan* Music glads his Ears.
 The genial Sweets, which Morning shew'rs
 Draw from the fragrant Bloom of Flow'rs,
 Impearl'd in balmy Dews exhale,
 And round him breathe th' odorous Gale,

While pleas'd he treads the furrow'd Plains;
And meditates Iambic Strains.

The Fields a grateful Scene display,
And sweetly cheat the tedious Way;
Here Vales subside, and Mountains tow'r,
There Rocks with frowning Prospect low'r,
Here Rivers, Woods, and Flocks are seen,
That browse the vegetable Green.
To the known Pail from ev'ry Grove
The lowing Heifers gladly rove,
Swell'd with ambrosial Milk they stand,
And duteous bear the stroaking Hand,
That draws the Stream with gentle Art,
And acts the filial Heifer's Part.
Hard by the infant Lambkins bleat,
And while they suck the parent Teat,

Their Heads prelude with harmless Rage
The Battels of maturer Age.

Now o'er the watry Verge he bends,
And first th' unrav'ling Line suspends,
Next he anoints the baited Hook,
And sinks it in the crystal Brook.
The Powers of ev'ry Worm he tries,
And all the colour'd Race of Flies,
And all the various Forms of Paste,
That charm the Eye, or please the Taste,
And ev'ry Bait that Art can wish
To feed the Luxury of Fish.

Thus glide the chearful Hours of Light,
Thus rise the Ev'ning Shades of Night,

He with his Thoughts Discourse can find,
 With Thoughts the Actions of the Mind;
 And now the arguing Sage disputes,
 And now his own Surmise confutes,
 Still, as the Train of Thoughts succeed,
 Intent he eyes the bending Reed,
 Whose dancing Corks the Victim show
 That nibbles at the Bait below.

But if by Fortune's gentle Care,
 He finds a lov'd Companion there,
 They to the peopled Wave resort,
 And pleas'd pursue th' alternate Sport,
 While various Scenes their Wonder raise,
 And Worlds inspire their Author's Praise.
 With harmless Song they cheer the Dale,
 Or blend with Mirth some useful Tale,

No Traitors here on Mischief plod,
 No Atheist here blasphemes his God,
 Nor speak They to a Fish's Ear
 But what all-conscious Heav'n might hear.

When *Phæbus* glows with sultry Beams,
 And Sweat distils in trickling Streams,
 Or *Jove* descends in Storms of Rain,
 Fast bubbling o'er the watry Plain,
 When rising from his oozy Cave
 Glides the swift Eel along the Wave,
 Some lofty Tree's embow'ring Glade
 Around them spreads a friendly Shade;
 Safe they recline beneath the Wood,
 The Rod still trembles o'er the Flood,
 And loaded oft with scaly Spoils
 With Gain rewards the pleasing Toils.

Then, when the rising Shades of Night
 Gloom o'er the fainting Rays of Light,
 Homeward the weary Angler speeds,
 And on his Prey luxuriant feeds,
 Then sunk in balmy Sleep he lies,
 And Nature seals his slumbring Eyes





THE
SHIPMAN'S TALE
FROM
CHAUCER.



HERE liv'd in *France*, as ancient

Stories tell,

A wealthy Merchant skill'd in trading

well;

Wise he was deem'd by all whose Maxims hold

That he's no Ideot who abounds in Gold.

This thriving Merchant had an airy Bride,
 Who dearly lov'd th' expensive Arts of Pride,
 She'd frisk abroad to Company and Play,
 Would dance all Night, and frolick all the Day.
 But sharp's the End of ev'ry vain Desire,
 And rampant Wives will frugal Husbands tire,
 Their Pleasures fly like Shadows on a Wall,
 And woe to him whose Purse must pay for all.
 Yet tho' the Husband of a well drest Wife
 Finds her a costly Article of Life,
 'Tis for his Credit, we must still confess,
 His Wife should wear a fashionable Dress,
 Should make her Visits in a modish Gown,
 And dance like other Ladies of the Town:
 For if the stingy Niggard grudge the Cost,
 And thinks it all extravagantly lost,

A Friend may chance her private Debts to pay,
And that for certain is a dang'rous Way.

This Merchant's House was stor'd with dainty Fare,
And ev'ry Table smil'd with Plenty there,
From Day to Day his Guests unnumber'd came,
Rich was the Treat, and beauteous was my Dame.
That Men with buxom Wives should thus regale
Is wondrous odd — but I'll pursue my Tale.

Among his Friends a Monk would oft appear,
Fresh in the Vigour of his thirtieth Year;
The Man was form'd with ev'ry comely Grace,
And had a brisk Assurance in his Face,
His first Acquaintance was in early Days,
And lasted downward from their youthful Plays,

'Twas hence he took the Boldness to attend,
 And practis'd all the Freedoms of a Friend;
 And since from out one native Town they came,
 He claim'd a Kindred with the Merchant's Name;
 Who proudly own'd it with a hearty Smile,
 And sent him Greeting in the kindred Stile;
 Thus both were eas'd of ev'ry formal Strife,
 And leagu'd in Union to be Friends for Life,

Free was Sir *John*, and by his bounteous Care
 Soon gain'd the Love of ev'ry Servant there,
 The humblest Page in all the menial Band
 Shar'd the kind Favours of his gen'rous Hand;
 The House was all in Raptures when he came,
 Bows from my Cousin, Courtesies from my Dame,
 And ev'ry one with glad Surprise would run,
 Pleas'd as a Bird to view the rising Sun.

It chanc'd the Merchant once a Journey made,
 When *Bruges* held an annual Mart of Trade,
 But first he sent Sir *John* a friendly Call,
 To take a Day's Diversion at his Hall;
 And with himself, his Kindred, and his Wife,
 To spend in Mirth a jovial Hour of Life;
 Sir *John* receiv'd it with a secret Pride,
 And soon obtain'd the Abbot's Leave to ride,
 For 'twas his Office thro' the Grounds to range,
 To view the Barns, the Pastures, and the Grange,
 He was the most commodious Steward there,
 And all was manag'd by his prudent Care.

Forth rode Sir *John* with Presents half a Dozen,
 And who so welcome as my Lady's Cousin?

He brought a Tub of * Vernage for the Dame,
 And two long Days they had a jovial Game;
 Their Tide of Pleasures flow'd the usual Way,
 And all Day long 'twas Gluttony and Play.

But worldly Cares the dearest Friends will part,
 And Business call'd our Tradesman to the Mart,
 He rose betimes his Ledger Rolls to look,
 And see how Matters stood in ev'ry Book;
 With painful Thought he summ'd up each Arrear,
 And ballanc'd all th' Expences of the Year,
 What Debts were owing, and whose Bills were crost,
 How vast his Gain above the premier Cost;
 There all alone the long Account he made,
 And canvass'd o'er the mystic Craft of Trade.

* Verona Wine

Sir

Sir *John* too started from his soft Repose,
 And waking early with the Morning rose,
 And as he walk'd among the Garden Trees
 To take the Freshness of the genial Breeze,
 Right up the Walk advanc'd his Cousin's Bride,
 Her infant Daughter waddling by her Side,
 Nor was she of the prating Girl afraid,
 For she was yet a little harmless Maid.

Good morrow, Cousin, said the courteous Dame,
 But why so early? You are sure to blame.
 My Niece, said he, five Hours in ev'ry Night
 Is Sleep enough for any single Wight,
 For Men, whose Passions never aim to wed
 With Ease are prompted to forsake their Bed,

'Tis your old married Drones who slumber there,

And snore as soundly as a hunted Hare.

But what's the Matter that you look so pale?

Come, speak the Cause, and let me hear your Tale.

For by this early Vigil that you keep,

I guess some Frolick has disturb'd your Sleep;

Then in his Face his Passions briskly wrought,

And shew'd his Mind was tickled with the Thought.

Ah! Dear Sir *John*, my loving Coz. said she,

And shook her Head, 'tis not so gay with me,

For I declare by him who gave me Life,

There's not in *France* a more abstemious Wife,

I've Cause enough to rue my native Morn,

And curse the Hour that ever I was born,

But with these Topics I must not be free,

Nor dare I tell how Matters stand with me,

'Tis

Beneath

Beneath my Troubles I shall surely bend,
 And bring myself to some untimely End,
 I every Day some new Affliction share,
 And my poor Heart is fit to burst with Care.

Sir *John* beheld her with a deep Surprize,
 And thus return'd—Let me for once advise,
 Oh! Heav'n forbid that such a lovely Wife
 For worldly Crosses should destroy her Life.
 Come then, my Niece, unbosom all your Grief,
 'Tis ten to one but I may bring Relief;
 And if my Aid your precious Life can save,
 I swear devoutly I'm your trusty Slave,
 And you may safely on my Oath depend
 I'll ne'er betray the Secrets of my Friend.

The same to you, said she, I truly swear,
 Tho' Men should all my Limbs in pieces tear,
 Tho' I were certain to be rackt in Hell,
 I'll ne'er disclose one Tittle that you tell.
 Nor Friends nor Kindred shall with all their Art
 E'er wrest the darling Secret from my Heart.
 When both the Parties thus had sworn the same,
 They kist like Friends, and then began my Dame.

Were I where no officious Knave might hear,
 And safe at Distance from a treach'rous Ear,
 I'd tell a doleful Legend of my Life,
 Fill'd with the Hardships of a suffering Wife,
 For tho' my Husband from your Kindred shoot,
 His rotten Branch defames your genial Root.

By all our Saints, quoth he, his filthy Line
 Was ne'er ally'd by kindred Blood to mine,
 But I with Craft usurp'd the specious Name,
 The more to visit you, my lovely Dame,
 For whom full oft I feel a tingling Smart,
 And whose sweet Face is pictur'd in my Heart.
 Then now, my Love, dismiss your anxious Fear,
 And let me all the sad Narration hear,
 Unfold your Grievance, ere his frightful Face
 Imperious comes, and drives you from the Place.
 'Ah! Dear Sir *John*, reply'd the conscious Dame,
 Fain would I hide a Husband's secret Shame,
 My Heart should cover what my Lips unfold,
 But ah! 'twill burst, nor can I longer Hold.

My wicked Husband is the vilest Man
 That e'er vex'd Woman since the World began,

And

And tho', it may be, she's a naughty Wife,
 Who tells the Secrets of her private Life,
 A Wife, they say, should be a prudent Dame,
 And hugely careful of her Husband's Fame;
 Yet I of Husbands this Experience have,
 That mine's a worthless, mean, penurious Knave.
 You know we Women six Delights pursue,
 And 'tis our Nature to demand our Due,
 A Man that's bold, rich, airy, wise and free,
 A Man that's buxom, is the Spouse for me.
 Now I must pay a hundred Franks in Town,
 The Purchase of a rich embroider'd Gown,
 That for his Credit I with decent Pride
 May dress next *Sunday* like a Merchant's Bride,
 But if I don't wipe off this large Arrear,
 The least Neglect will cost me wondrous dear;

And I'd chuse rather to be still unborn
 Than stand expos'd to any Tradesman's Scorn;
 But if my Husband should this Secret gain,
 I'm lost for ever, and shall die with Pain.
 Then, good Sir *John*, lend me a hundred Franks,
 And I'll return them with a thousand Thanks,
 I'll surely pay you with a speedy Care,
 And grant you all the Favours that I dare,
 For if I fail you on th' appointed Time,
 May Heav'n in Anger then pursue the Crime,
 And Fate confound me with a dire Mischance
 As great as e'er was *Genilon's* of *France*.
 Sir *John* was tickled with a secret Flame,
 And thus return'd his Answer to the Dame :
 By all that's sacred I devoutly swear
 That I for you a vast Affection bear,

And now with Joy embrace the friendly Part
 To ease the Cares that vex your anxious Heart;
 For when your Husband is to *Flanders* gone,
 Depend upon't, your Business shall be done;
 Be sure that you our mutual Oath uphold,
 And take this Kiss in Earnest of my Gold;
 Go, order Dinner to be ready soon,
 For by my Dial 'tis the Hour of Noon.

Away she scamper'd with a smiling Look,
 And issu'd forth her Orders to the Cook,
 Then quick she mounted to the Chamber Floor,
 And knock'd full boldly at the Counter Door.
Qui la? quoth he: 'Tis I am here, my Love,
 What mean you thus to sit and starve above?
 Lord! when will all this long Account be made?
 The Duce confound these tedious Folks of Trade;

Thy

Thy Wealth has prosper'd to a large Degree,
 And Mammon is a bounteous God to thee.
 Then let thy Bags in Peace a while remain,
 And plod no longer on these Works of Gain.
 For is it not a most unfriendly Crime
 That poor Sir *John* goes fasting all this Time?
 'Tis highly shameful he should starve and pine,
 Then prithee come, let's go to Mass, and dine.

Dame, quoth the Merchant, thou'rt a simple Wife,
 And unexperienc'd in a Tradesman's Life,
 Nor dost thou know what dang'rous Slips are made,
 What mighty Hazards are sustain'd in Trade,
 For by the Shrine of our ador'd Saint *Ive*,
 Scarce ten in twenty make a shift to thrive,
 A Tradesman has a Warfare here below,
 And he must ever make a thriving Show,

Must

Must bear the Outside of a wealthy Man,
 And drive the World before him as he can;
 Be sure with Caution his Affairs to hide,
 'Till Death approach, or 'till he steps aside,
 For thus 'tis needful in this worldly Strife
 To sail with Credit down the Stream of Life,
 A small Experience will in Time persuade
 That full of Dangers is the Chance of Trade.

You know to Morrow at the Dawn of Day
 That I to *Bruges* must pursue my Way,
 But I'll dispatch me with a speedy Care,
 Nor do I mean to play the Rover there.
 Now I beseech thee to regard thy Life,
 And show the Prudence of a frugal Wife,
 Thou hast enough in Conscience for thy Store,
 Nor can a thrifty Huswife ask for more;

Must

Thy

Thy Stock of Victuals will the House uphold,
 Thy Clothes are new, thy Purse is lin'd with Gold;
 A Wife like thee can never say she's poor:
 And at the Word he lock'd his Counter Door,
 Then down he came, a Mass was quickly said,
 And all in haste the Table-cloth was laid,
 The Board was fill'd with ev'ry dainty Thing,
 And gay Sir *John* was feasted like a King.

When Grace was said, Sir *John* with silent Fear
 Thought on the Promise that he ow'd his Dear;
 Then took the Merchant to a private Place,
 And thus bespoke him with an earnest Face,
 I see, dear Cousin, Things are order'd so
 That you to *Bruges* are resolv'd to go,
 May Heav'n attend you with a signal Care,
 And good Saint *Austin* be your Guardian there,

But

ld, But O my Friend, be thoughtful how you ride,
 Gold; Go wisely on, and Temp'rance be your Guide,
 And if there's any Thing by Day, by Night,
 or, And if 'tis in my Pow'r or in my Might,
 aid, Declare with Freedom what your Soul would have,
 And you at Pleasure may command your Slave.

But ere you go, this one Request attend,
 And grant a fond Petition of your Friend,
 at Fear I beg you'd lend me for a distant Day
 ear; A hundred Franks, which I'm oblig'd to pay,
 For certain Beasts a Field of ours to store :
 I wish with all my Heart 'twas yours, and more.
 But guard it close from any conscious Sight,
 And let your Hand be secret as the Night;
 So shall my Heart this friendly Act revere,
 here, And all the Favours I've experienc'd here.

But

R

Coz.,

Coz., quoth the Merchant, 'tis a small Request,
 My Purse is open at my Friend's Behest;
 Nay all my Stores I gladly would unfold,
 And you as freely may command my Gold.
 But this your just Experience must allow
 That ready Rhino is the Trader's Plough,
 For tho' with Credit we a while may borrow,
 And none who lends to Day, will ask to Morrow,
 Yet to be plain, I cannot think 'tis clever
 To let a courteous Tradesman stay for ever;
 But, dear Sir *John*, your own Convenience use,
 The Time's most proper that my Friend shall chuse.

With that he told him out a hundred Franks,
 He cring'd obsequious, and return'd his Thanks,

Nor did a Soul this private Business hear,

But all was close from ev'ry Eye and Ear.

Then in they came to drink, and chat, and play,

And laugh'd and revell'd in the usual Way;

Thus past the Evening, till returning home

Forth rode Sir *John*, and reach'd the Abbey Dome.

When Morning rose, the Merchant crost his Steed,

And pac'd to *Bruges* with an earnest Speed;

In all his Acts he shew'd a worldly Care,

And bargain'd cheap for ev'ry Dealer's Ware;

Nor revell'd he in any Lady's Vice,

Nor gam'd with Bullies at the Box and Dice,

Nor broke th' Allegiance that he ow'd his Wife,

But wisely led an honest Tradesman's Life,

A few Days after gay Sir *John* appear'd,
 Fresh was his Look, and newly shav'd his Beard;
 The House receiv'd him with their usual Grace,
 And all were pleas'd to see his gen'rous Face.
 But now to lead ye with a brisker Gale,
 And touch the sov'reign Crisis of my Tale,
 'Twas order'd so, that by a crafty Game
 This golden Sum was paid the Merchant's Dame,
 Sir *John* regal'd it with this lovely Wife,
 And both my Cousins led a buxom Life,
 'Till he in Prudence saw his Hour to start,
 And so took Leave as usual to depart,
 For all was manag'd with a dext'rous Care,
 Nor was Sir *John* at all suspected there :
 Thence we'll behold him on his Journey home,
 Or leave him where his Fancy pleas'd to come.

But now from Fair the punctual Merchant came,
 And gallop'd home to banquet with his Dame;
 Full much he chatted o'er their plenteous Cheer,
 The Mart was bad, and Things so wondrous dear,
 That he in a Recognizance was bound,
 And had engag'd to pay a thousand Pound,
 And now to *Paris* must he bend his Care,
 To sue for Aid his rich Acquaintance there.

To *Paris* then this thrifty Merchant rode,
 And shap'd his Progress to Sir *John's* Abode;
 Yet not to him of craving Wants begun,
 Nor feign'd a Visit to disguise a Dun;
 But made his Entrance in a gen'rous Way,
 Like old Acquaintance to regale and play.

Sir

Sir *John* with Rapture view'd his friendly Guest,
 And soon prepar'd him a luxurious Feast ;
 The Merchant prattled with a chearful Air,
 And told him all his Business at the Fair ;
 But talk of Money stung Sir *John* with Pain,
 And thus he answer'd in a flatt'ring Strain.
 I'm glad, dear Cousin, you're return'd in Health,
 And were I blest with any Hoard of Wealth,
 Did my lean Purse in worldly Pelf abound,
 I'd freely aid you with a thousand Pound.
 The Gold you lent me, I repay'd your Dame,
 And she by certain Tokens knows the same.
 But I must now important Calls attend,
 And urgent Business tears me from my Friend ;
 Adieu! may Fortune crown your prosp'rous Life,
 Adieu! and greet me to your beauteous Wife.

The Merchant soon dispatch'd his grand Affair,
 And hasted homeward with a joyful Air,
 Flush'd with Success he found in ev'ry Part
 That a full Purse procures the lightest Heart,
 For Tradesman like he gilded all his Pain,
 And knew the Cost was nothing to the Gain.

To meet her Spouse advanc'd his lovely Dame,
 As 'twas her duteous Custom when he came.
 In Scenes of Mirth they spent the welcome Day,
 And revell'd in Extravagance of Play;
 For he was quite a Stranger to the Spleen,
 The Smiles of Fortune in his Looks were seen,
 He shar'd no pining Debtor's baleful Curse,
 Nor felt the Plagues that haunt an empty Purse;

So

So when they'd box'd about the jovial Cause,
 And weary Mirth at last requir'd a Pause,
 The Merchant thus bespoke his am'rous Dame,
 And seem'd to kindle with an angry Flame.

I thought you'd been a more ingenuou's Wife
 Than thus to raise me such a hateful Strife,
 To make my Cousin's friendly Love decline,
 And set his Heart at Variance so with mine.
 For sure you ought in Prudence to have told,
 That he to you had first return'd my Gold.
 I guess that he some dark Resentment took,
 And view'd Disturbance in his cloudy Look.
 Then tell me, Dear, if any one there be
 Who in my Absence pays his Debts to thee,
 Lest I perhaps assert a dang'rous Claim,
 And wrong my Friend by some injurious Aim.

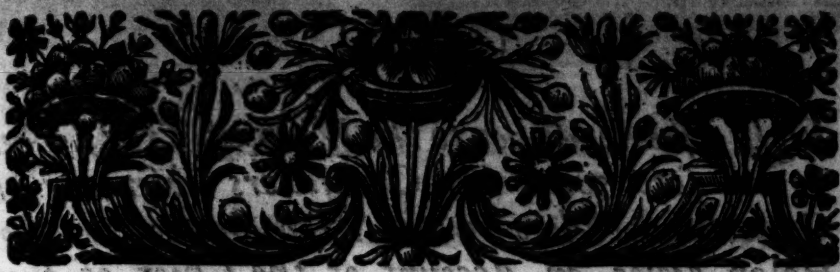
She heard with Anger, and began to rave,
 I tell thee, Dear, Sir *John's* a scoundrel Knave,
 For by th' immortal Pow'rs I thought that he
 Had made a Present of this Gold to me,
 And by a gen'rous Gratitude exprest
 The just Requital of a welcome Guest.
 But if my Spouse this small Demand pursues,
 And claims from me the Payment of his Dues,
 Come, take the Tribute of my youthful Charms,
 And cancel all those Payments in my Arms,
 For hear me now the serious Truth unfold;
 That on my Habit I've bestow'd your Gold.
 Believe me, Dearest, I regard your Fame,
 And fain would dress me like a Merchant's Dame
 My blooming Joys shall all these Debts remove,
 And I'll be never in Arrears of Love,

My Arms shall meet thee with a pleasing Chear,
Come, turn thee hither, and forgive thy Dear.

The Merchant found it was in vain to chide,
And feigning Kindness thus bespoke his Bride,
Since what is past we never can recall,
I wave the Payment, and forgive thee all;
But prithee Wife, these costly Aires with-hold,
And be no more so lavish of my Gold.

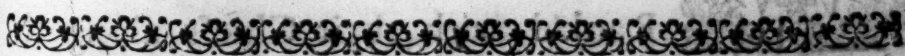
Thus ends my Tale; may Fortune crown our Lives
With Wealth enough for us, and something for
our Wives.





THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ILLIAD.

Translated into *ENGLISH*.



The ARGUMENT.

The Duel of MENELAUS and PARIS.

The Armies being ready to engage, a single Combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the Intervention of Hector) for the Determination of the War. Iris is to call Helena to behold the

Fight, she leads her to the Walls of Troy, where Priam sate with his Counsellors observing the Græcian Leaders on the Plain below, to whom Helen gives an Account of the Chief of them. The Kings on either Part take the solemn Oath for the Conditions of the Combat. The Duel ensues, wherein Paris being overcome is snatched away in a Cloud by Venus, and transported to his Apartment. She then calls Helen from the Walls, and brings the Lovers together. Agamemnon on the Part of the Græcians, demands the Restoration of Helen, and the Performance of the Articles.

The three and twentieth Day still continues throughout this Book. The Scene is sometimes in the Fields before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.



H E N thus in Arms appear'd each warrior Host,

Rank'd with their Chiefs along th' embattled Coast;

Forth rush'd the *Trojans* with confus'd Alarms,

Prefs'd to the Field, and clash'd the Din of Arms,

So the shrill Cranes from wintry Regions fly,

Sound o'er the Main, and shake the echoing Sky,

To

To pigmy Foes they steer their deadly Flight;
 Fierce on their Wings descends th' aerial Fight;
 But silent, firm, with mutual Valour strong,
 All breathing Wrath the Greeks advanc'd along;
 And as a mountain Mist glides o'er the Plains,
 Friend to the Thieves, but fatal to the Swains,
 When hazy Skies the distant View confound,
 So the thick Cloud rose darkning from the Ground,
 While to the Fight amidst the dusty Lands
 Swift and imperious drove the num'rous Bands.
 When Foe to Foe the fierce Battalions stood
 Forth issu'd *Paris* to the Field of Blood;
 Plac'd in the Front before his *Trojan* Van
 Fair as a God advanc'd the beauteous Man.
 A Panther's Hide wav'd o'er his Arms, below
 Gleam'd his bright Sword, and hung beside the Bow;

He shook two brazen Spears with proud Disdain,
 And dar'd the bravest *Greek* that crown'd the Plain
 Him when *Atrides* soon discern'd from far
 Stalk with Defiance in the Front of War,
 As the grim Lion with a fierce Delight
 Views the fat Stag, and rouses at the Sight,
 The captive Prize his hungry Jaws devour,
 And Dogs and Men in vain oppose his Pow'r;
 Thus *Atreus'* Son exults with furious Joy,
 And quells in vengeful Thought the pride of *Troy*;
 Arm'd from his Chariot with a clatt'ring Sound
 Sprung the fierce Chief impetuous to the Ground,
 Soon as the Warrior in his Front appear'd,
 The conscious Ravisher beheld and fear'd,
 Back he retir'd, and with disgraceful Flight
 Screen'd by his Ranks declin'd the deadly Fight;

As when a Traveller in the Mountain Brake
 Views with a dread Surprise th' envenom'd Snake,
 The Wretch with quick Recoil and trembling Pace
 Starts shuddring back, and Fear appals his Face,
 Struck with like Dread the *Trojan* Chief withdrew
 Back to his Troops, and shun'd *Atrides*' View.

But *Hector* kindling at th' inglorious Sight
 With brave Reproach upbraids his tim'rous Flight,
 Unhappy *Paris*, whose deceitful Charms
 Speak thee no Warrior but in Woman's Arms,
 Oh! hadst thou never drawn this vital Breath,
 Or sunk unmarried in th' Embrace of Death,
 Rather than thus ill-fated to be born
 Thy Country's Scandal, and the *Grecians* Scorn.
 Gods! how they scoff to see their Fears mistook
 Thy courtly Visage for a Champion's Look;

But

But tho' thy Face a gallant Air impart,
 That fair Disguise conceals a Coward's Heart,
 Was this thy Valour when thy pompous Oars
 Thro' foreign Seas explor'd the *Spartan* Shores;
 When thou and thy Allies with impious Swords
 Stole the fair Bride of two heroic Lords,
 And to thy Father's Bane, thy Country's Woe,
 Shame to thy self, but Triumph to the Foe,
 Thy Hand convey'd with a destructive Joy
 That fatal Beauty to the Walls of *Troy*;
 And now thou dar'st not in thy Fair's Defence
 Meet the just Anger of her injur'd Prince,
 Soon would he show thee in th' unequal Strife
 Thy Arm's too weak to keep *Atrides*' Wife.
 Nor shall thy courtly Form, thy graceful Air,
 Thy silver Cittern, and thy curling Hair;

Those Gifts of *Venus* in that Day be found
 Arm'd in thy Cause, when thou shalt press the Ground;
 Had *Troy* dispens'd but Justice to her Foes,
 The Grave on thee had well reveng'd her Woes.

To *Hector* thus the beauteous Chief confest,
 Just is the Blame thy angry Voice exprest,
 But where, brave Warrior, shall a Soul appear
 Like thine impassive to the Shocks of Fear?
 Strong as the Steel which nervous Artists wield
 To fell those Trees that plow the watry Field,
 Such is the Force thy vig'rous Heart bestows,
 Such in thy Soul th' unwearied Valour glows.
 But let not *Hector's* Might those Gifts disdain
 Which golden *Venus* grants her fav'rite Swain,
 Rare are the Gifts which Heav'n alone supplies,
 No Wish commands these Favours of the Skies.

Yet wouldst thou have me to the Combat yield,
 First seat the *Greeks* and *Trojans* o'er the Field,
 I'll meet *Atrides* in each Army's Sight
 For *Helen's* Charms and *Helen's* Dow'r to fight,
 And he whom Conquest shall adorn with Fame,
 His be the Dow'r, and his the beauteous Dame.
 Thus Friends and Foes may cease their warlike Toil,
 And you possess fair *Ilium's* fertile Soil,
 While they to *Greece* restore their shining Arms,
Greece fam'd for Steeds, and blest with Beauty's
 Charms.

He spoke, and *Hector* with a valiant Joy
 Grasped his mid Spear, and stay'd the Bands of *Troy*,
 Then bold into the midst the Warrior goes,
 Mark'd by the Eyes of all his num'rous Foes,

Thick fly the Stones, the whizzing Arrows glow,
Wing'd with fierce Aim from ev'ry *Grecian* Bow.

But thro' the Field thus cry'd the Imperial King,
Greece, stay thy Hand, nor draw the hostile String;
Great *Hector's* Motions would bespeak our Ear,
Known by his Plume and Signal of his Spear;
Th' offensive Arms the *Greeks* forbore to wield,
Aw'd by their King, and Silence still'd the Field.

Then in the midst to all the warrior Bands
Thus *Hector* spoke his Brother's bold Demands,
The *Greeks* and *Trojans*, hear the gen'rous Words
Which *Paris* sends, whose Quarrel draws your
Swords.

Let *Greece* and *Troy* no more in Arms appear,
 Wide o'er the Plain be fix'd the glitt'ring Spear,
 He'll meet *Atrides* in each Army's Sight,
 For *Helen's* Charms and *Helen's* Dow'r to fight;
 And he whom Conquest shall adorn with Fame
 His be the Dow'r and his the beauteous Dame,
 Thus lasting Leagues shall heal our hostile Jars,
 And mutual Peace compose th' alternate Wars.

He spoke, but all kept Silence at the Word,
 'Till bold in Arms up rose fair *Helen's* Lord,
 Hear me too, Warriors, for I grieve to see
 The Wounds you've felt for *Paris* and for me;
 But tho' we made these gallant Armies Foes,
 This Hand, I trust, shall now dismiss your Woes,
 Fall he alone on whom Destruction low'rs,
 But you in Peace shall league your friendly Pow'rs

Be then, O *Troy*, the solemn Rites begun,
 Two Lambs prepare ye for the Earth and Sun,
 This God a White, and that a Black demands,
 The third is *Jove's* from our majestic Hands.
 Pledg'd for his Son's let *Ilium's* hoary King
 Seal the strong League, and all his Sanctions bring;
 His Sons no faith can fix, no Oaths can bind,
 For Youth is rash, and wav'ring as the Wind,
 Age by what's past what may be future sees,
 And deep Experience forms its wise Decrees.

All heard and all approv'd him with Delight,
 Rais'd with big Hopes to end the Toils of Fight,
 Then quick descending from the lofty Car
 Fix'd their bold Steeds beyond the Files of War;
 Next from their Limbs the cumbrous Mail unbound,
 And plac'd their glitt'ring Arms along the Ground;

Join'd

Join'd on all Sides appear'd the warrior Race,
 Each by his Arms, and clos'd the crowded Space.
 Then march'd great *Hector's* Delegates to bring
Troy's ritual Victims, and the rev'rend King;
Talthybius hasten'd to the naval Strand,
 Obsequious Herald of his Lord's Command,
 To bring the Lamb the peaceful Rites require,
 Doom'd by the *Greeks* to Heav'n's immortal Sire.

Mean while to *Helen* wing'd *Thaumantias* came,
 In Form she seem'd *Antenor's* kindred Dame
Laodice; 'twas thus the Goddess stood,
 The fairest Nymph of *Priam's* princely Blood.
 She at her Loom the beauteous Artist found,
 The *Trojan* Wars emblaz'd the Texture round,
 Wide o'er the Web full many a Hero's Doom,
 Slain in her Cause was imag'd in her Loom.

When thus advancing to the Royal Fair
Spoke the swift Maid who gilds the show'ry Air.

Approach, O fairest of thy Sex's Charms,
And see what Wonders grace the Field of Arms,
No Warrior fierce in bloody Fights t'engage,
Pants for the Foe or burns with martial Rage;
Prop'd on their Shields the silent Host appears,
Ceas'd are the Wars, and fix'd the brazen Spears.
Thy *Spartan* Lord and *Paris* only stay
Arm'd in thy Cause to end the bloody Day,
For thee their Spears the warlike Rivals wield,
Thee the fair Bride of him who wins the Field.

The Goddess spoke, and in the beauteous Dame
Wak'd the soft Image of her former Flame,

Her Parents, Friends, and Country left behind
 Glow'd in the Wishes of her anxious Mind ;
 She veil'd her Face, and rose with awful Fear,
 Soft as she went distill'd the conscious Tear.
 Behind were *Clymene* and *Æthra* seen,
 Two fair Attendants of the lovely Queen ;
 Silent they mov'd towards the *Scean* Gate,
 Where round the King the Guardians of the State
 Old *Panthus*, *Clytius*, and *Thymætes* sat :
Lampus and *Hicetaon*, Sons of *Mars*,
 Once brave in Arms, but now disus'd to Wars,
Antenor and *Ucalegon* renown'd
 For sage Advice the grave Assembly crown'd ;
 That now no more in fighting Fields appears,
 Now frail with Age, and talkative in Years,
 Full weak their Voice, in such a feeble Strain
 The Grasshoppers chirp tuneful o'er the Plain.

Th' ap.

Th' approaching Beauty charm'd them to her Cause,
 Wondring they gaz'd, and whisper'd their Applause,
 Who now, they cry'd, this long, long War can blame?
 Who would not fight for such a glorious Dame?
 Bright as a Goddess an immortal Grace
 Blooms in the Beauties of her heav'nly Face,
 Yet take her hence, nor let that Face destroy
 Fair as it is the future Hopes of *Troy*.

Thus all in Secret their Applauses spoke,
 When rev'rend *Priam* first the Silence broke,
 Approach, fair *Helen*, fix thy Seat by mine,
 See from the Walls the Spouse who once was thine,
 Thy Friends and Kindred of the *Spartan* Line;
 Not thou, but Heav'n inspir'd these *Grecian* Foes
 Heav'n the sole Cause of all my fatal Woes.

But say what *Greek* is he who crowns the Field,
 To whose bold Air the tallest Warriors yield,
 Say from what Monarch did that Hero spring,
 His Royal Gesture speaks that *Greek* a King.

Dread Sire, the fairest of her Sex replies,
 Whose awful Presence bids my Fears arise,
 Oh! had I dy'd, ere I by Flatt'ry won
 Left my chaste Lord to wed thy fatal Son,
 From both my Brothers, all my Friends to rove,
 False to my Child, disloyal to my Love;
 For this the conscious Anguish of my Shame
 Flows into Tears, and wastes my feeble Frame.
 But hear the Answer which my Sire demands,
 Before your Eyes great *Agamemnon* stands,
 The first who from the Line of *Atreus* springs,
 The chief of Warriors, and the best of Kings,

My Brother too, if yet my foul Disgrace

Allow me Sister of that gen'rous Race.

She ended, and the King with Wonder rais'd
View'd his brave Foe, and thus admiring prais'd,
Propitious Fates on thee, *Atrides*, shone,
What Realms in Arms attend thy crowded Throne!
A warlike Pow'r once grac'd the *Phrygian* Lands,
Brave *Otreus*' Troops and *Mygdon*'s num'rous Bands,
Encamp'd with theirs my *Trojan* Squadrons stood,
Rang'd on the Banks of *Sangar*'s gulphy Flood,
Twas when we met the *Amazonian* Dames,
Bold all as Men, and breathing equal Flames;
Yet these must all in Force and Numbers yield,
Match'd with thy *Greeks* who fill the spacious Field.

He said, and view'd the brave *Ulysses* round,
 What's he, whose Arms lie prostrate on the Ground?
 Large is his Bulk, his Breast is broader spread,
 But wants the height of *Agamemnon's* Head;
 He, like the Ram amidst his fleecy Train,
 Runs thro' the Ranks, and orders all the Plain.

That Greek, reply'd the Progeny of *Jove*,
 Speaks the fam'd Offspring of *Laertes* Love,
 'Tis wife *Ulysses*, on her dreary Shore
 Rough *Ithaca* th' experienc'd Warrior bore,
 Rude is his Country, but the Hero's Name
 Skill'd in deep Arts exalts his Country's Fame.

His Silence here the grave *Antenor* broke,
 'Tis true, O *Helen*, what your Praises spoke,

Greece did *Ulysses* and thy * Prince employ
 Sent in thy Cause her Delegates to *Troy*;
 Both in my House a friendly Freedom shar'd,
 I knew their Statures, and their Parts compar'd.
Atrides standing bore a loftier State,
 But with superior Awe *Ulysses* sat;
 When both their Gifts of Elocution show'd,
Atrides' Words with just Expression flow'd,
 Few, but yet close, and plain but never dull,
 All was sententious, and succinctly Full.
 But when his artful Prudence to disclose
 Forth from his Seat *Ulysses* gravely rose,
 He fix'd his steadfast Eyes upon the Ground,
 Nor rear'd his Hand, nor wav'd his Sceptre round,
 But like the Form of stupid Dulness stood,
 Or Madness thoughtful in his sullen Mood;

* MENELAUS.

Yet

Yet his Words follow'd, with a gentle Flow,
 Soft, melting, copious as the wintry Snow,
 Th' untival'd Speech our just Applauses drew,
 None judg'd *Ulysses* from a partial View.

The King then look'd on *Ajax* with Surprise
 What *Greek* is he who bears that monstrous Size?
 High o'er the rest with Shoulders widely spread
 Uprears the giant Chief his tow'ring Head.
 'Tis warlike *Ajax*, said the beauteous Dame,
 The valiant Bulwark of the *Grecian* Name.
 The brave *Idomeneus* beyond him stands,
 And seems a God amidst his *Cretan* Bands,
 Our Seat did oft that Royal Guest detain,
 When he from *Crete* to *Sparta* crost the Main.
 Here could I name what other *Greeks* below
 Rule the wide Field, for I the *Warriors* know :

But

But two brave Chiefs to my enquiring Sight
 Rise not among th' imperial Sons of Fight,
Pollux, who most in strength of Arms exceeds,
 And *Castor*, skill'd to reign the fiery Steeds;
 My valiant Brothers by a mix'd Embrace,
 From one fair Mother sprung our princely Race.
 Perhaps the Chiefs from *Sparta's* lovely Plain
 Spread not their Sails along the stormy Main,
 Or now refuse disgraceful Arms to wield,
 Forc'd by my Shame to fly th' inglorious Field.

Thus she, but they in Death's Embraces bound
 Slept in the Tomb beneath their native Ground.
 And now the Heralds with a conscious Joy
 Brought thro' the Town the Sacrifice of *Troy*:
 Two votive Lambs, a Goat's distended Skin,
 Whose Bulk inclos'd the sacred Wine within;

Idæus

Idæus brought an Urn of radiant Mold,
 Join'd with the Cups whose Figures rose in Gold.
 Skill'd in Address the obsequious Herald stood,
 And thus bespoke the Sire of *Trojan* Blood.

Rise, *Priam*, rise, the Royal Warriors yield
 To seal the League, and call thee to the Field,
 In *Helen's* Cause two rival Chiefs appear,
 Adventrous *Paris* dares *Atrides'* Spear;
 And he whom Conquest shall adorn with Fame,
 His be the Dow'r, and his the beauteous Dame.
 Thus Friends and Foes may cease their warlike Toil,
 And we possess fair *Ilium's* fertile Soil,
 While they to *Greece* restore their shining Arms,
Greece fam'd for Steeds, and blest with Beauty's
 Charms.

Struck with Surprize these fatal Words to hear
 The trembling Prince confest a Parent's Fear,
 Then bad the Chiefs his Royal Coursers bring,
 Sudden the Chiefs obey'd the rev'rend King.
 Slow to the Seat the hoary Sire ascends,
 And grave *Antenor* on his Prince attends.
 Thro' *Scaea's* Gates th' imperial Car proceeds,
 Thence to the Field they drove the gen'rous Steeds;
 Then both descending took their silent Stands
 Right in the midst between the hostile Bands.
 With that the * Warrior of *Laertes*' Line
 Rose with the † King; the Heralds mix'd the Wine,
 Near to the Kings the sacred Heralds drew,
 And o'er their Hands the pure Ablution threw.

* ULYSSES.

† AGAMEMNON.

Atrides then his glitt'ring Knife displaid,
 That ever hung beside his warlike Blade,
 Then o'er the Lambs the fatal Steel he spread,
 And crop'd a Lock from ev'ry Victim's Head;
 The Heralds seiz'd it with a rev'rend Care,
 And gave each Leader his allotted Share;
 Then stood *Atrides*, and with suppliant Cries
 High rear'd his Hands, and thus invok'd the Skies.

O *Jove* supreme, to whose Almighty Will
 Bend the high Heav'ns, and *Ida's* sacred Hill,
 Thou glorious Sun with thy all-seeing Beams,
 Thou Parent Earth, and all ye conscious Streams,
 Ye gloomy Gods, who rule th' infernal Coast,
 Rack guilty Souls, and scourge the perjur'd Ghost;
 Hear and attest; if *Paris'* Arm prevails,
Greece on the Main shall hoist her flying Sails,

Safe from a Foe let his victorious Pow'r
 Keep the rich Beauty, and enjoy her Dow'r,
 If Heav'n with Conquest crowns *Atrides'* Sword,
 To him be *Helen* and her Dow'r restor'd,
 Let *Ilium* pay the Forfeit of her Crime,
 Own'd in the Annals of succeeding Time!
 But if the Sons of *Troy* the Fine detain,
 When *Paris* once lies prostrate on the Plain,
 Here will I still the Sword of Vengeance wield,
 And see whose Conquest shall decide the Field.

Deep at the Word he struck the deadly Wound,
 And laid the gasping Victims on the Ground,
 The Chiefs did next the golden Urns incline,
 From ev'ry Urn they pour'd the mingled Wine;
 Then join'd their Pray'rs the hallow'd Rites to close,
 And thus their solemn Imprecation rose.

Hear, *Jove*, and all ye Rulers of the Skies,
 Who first shall dare to break these sacred Ties,
 As on the Ground distills this purple Flood,
 So may their Brains, and so their Children's Blood,
 May all their Race like transient Shadows glide,
 And all be curs'd with an adult'rous Bride!
 Thus both the Hosts invok'd the Pow'rs above,
 But mov'd in vain, th' unwilling Ears of *Jove*.

Then *Priam* rose, and thus exprest his Fear,
 Ye warlike Bands, my Heart's Intention hear;
 Home will I go where *Troy's* imperial Pow'r
 High to the Winds uprears its lofty Tow'r,
 I love my Son, nor can my aged Sight
 Brook the sad Prospect of this dang'rous Fight,
 'Tis vain to guess which conquer'd Chief shall yield,
Jove only knows the Fortune of the Field.

High on his Car the slaughter'd Lambs he threw,
And with *Antenor* from the Plain withdrew.

Then *Hector* and *Ulysses* measur'd round

The Lists of Fight, and mark'd the fatal Ground;

Next in the Helmet threw, the dubious Chance,

Whose Arm should first emit the brazen Lance.

Then pray'd the Hosts, and thus with lifted Hands

Rose the joint Wish of all the warrior Bands;

O *Jove* supreme, to whose Almighty Will

Bend the high Heav'ns, and *Ida's* sacred Hill,

Who caus'd this War, let his unbody'd Ghost

Tread the dark Mansions of the infernal Coast,

Let mutual Peace this solemn League maintain,

And bind our Friendship with a lasting Chain.

Then

Then warlike *Hector*, as he glanc'd a Look
 Back on the Field, the brazen Helmet shook,
 Forth leap'd his Brother's Lot; the Heroes round
 Each in his Place fate num'rous o'er the Ground;
 The fiery Steeds inclos'd the list'd Field,
 Beside each Warrior gleam'd his various Shield.
 With that the * Lord of *Helen's* beauteous Charms
 Round his fair Shoulders brac'd his dazling Arms,
 First on his Legs, in martial Pomp dispos'd
 Blaz'd the rich Greaves with Studs of Silver clos'd;
 Fix'd on his Breast *Lycæon's* Corset shone,
 Down from his Shoulders wav'd a glitt'ring Zone,
 There hung the Sword, of Brass the temper'd Blade,
 With silver Nails the shining Hilt inlaid.

* PARIS.

Next

Next the fair Warrior from the dusty Field
 Rear'd the vast Orb of his capacious Shield;
 A burnish'd Helm gleam'd o'er his Head, behind
 The Horse-hair Crest wav'd dreadful to the Wind,
 And while his Hand a shining Jav'lin chose,
 Arm'd at all Points the brave *Atrides* rose.

Thus arm'd and frowning with a fierce Disdain
 March'd the two Chiefs amidst the fatal Plain;
 A deep Suspence, as each advanc'd along,
 Sate in the Eyes of all the gazing Throng.
 Now Foe to Foe their brazen Jav'lins shook,
 Lowr'd with Revenge, and glar'd an angry Look;
 First beauteous *Paris* at *Atrides* flung,
 Full on his Shield the furious Jav'lin rung,
 But quick rebounding from its brazen Field,
 Sprung blunted off nor pierc'd th' impassive Shield.

Then fierce *Atrides* stood prepar'd to throw,
 But first from *Jove* implor'd a conqu'ring Blow,
 O *Jove*, may this vindictive Arm succeed,
 False to his Friend may *Paris* justly bleed;
 Let gen'rous Friends an awful Fear engage,
 And rise uninjur'd in a future Age!

Fierce at the Word clanc'd along the Field
 Flew the sharp Spear against the *Trojan's* Shield,
 Deep thro' his Orb the Spear impetuous came,
 And fix'd within his Croflet's temper'd Frame;
 Then glanc'd along, and pierc'd his Robe below,
 Down he reclin'd, and shun'd the deadly Blow.
 But *Atreus'* Son sprung furious to invade,
 And swiftly drew the dreadful-gleaming Blade,
 Then on his Crest impel'd a pondrous Stroke,
 Crack'd the weak Steel, the Sword short shiv'ring
 broke. Deep

Deep sigh'd *Atrides*, and with angry Cries,
 Glanc'd a fierce Look against the partial Skies,
 Pernicious *Jove*, from thee descends my Woe,
 Thou shield'st from Vengeance this injurious Foe;
 See the Sword shivers, and the faithless Dart
 Errs from my Arm, nor wounds the Traytor's Heart.
 He spoke, and soon the Warrior's Helm compress'd,
 Where the thick Horse-hair floated o'er his Crest,
 Then drag'd him on with his victorious Hands
 Thence o'er the Ground towards the *Grecian* Bands;
 As fierce as he drag'd him on, the *Spartan* King
 Round his clos'd Beaver strain'd th' embroider'd
 String:

Soon had he triumph'd o'er th' inglorious Chief,
 But Beauty's Queen beheld her Fav'rite's Grief;
 Swift to his Aid the Goddess mov'd along,
 Swift from his Head she rent the cumbrous Thong.

An empty Helm deceiv'd *Atrides*' Hands,
 The empty Helm amidst the *Grecian* Bands
 Furious he threw, the wondring *Greeks* around
 Uprear'd the glitt'ring Helmet from the Ground.
 Then as the Chief advanc'd with Fury near,
 Rush'd on his Foe, and aim'd the brazen Spear,
 Fair Beauty's Queen a sudden Darkness spread,
 And veil'd in ambient Clouds the Warrior's Head
 Then the kind Goddess with resistless Pow'r
 Rapt the dear Champion to his nuptial Bow'r,
 Round the gay Dome ambrosial Sweets of Love
 Shed their rich Dews, and fill'd the proud Alcove

Swift thro' the Dome the bright Celestial fled
 To call fair *Helen* to the genial Bed,
 High on the Tow'r the *Spartan* Beauty stood
 Midst the fair Nymphs of *Priam's* princely Blo

A kno

A known Disguise officious *Venus* took,
 And chang'd her Glories to a Matron's Look,
 Whose skilful Hand, ere she from *Sparta* came,
 Wove the rich Textures of the Royal Dame;
 She pull'd her Robe, whose Fragrance fill'd the Air,
 And thus the Pow'r of Love address the Fair.

Go, beauteous Nymph, thy eager Speed employ,
 Thy *Paris* calls thee to the Dome of Joy;
 There the gay Chief enrob'd with Beauty's Pride
 Glows on his Bed, and waits his am'rous Bride;
 Nor as a Warrior does the Prince appear
 Rough from the Dangers of *Atrides* Spear,
 Soon will thy Eyes the blooming Chief approve,
 Drest for the Ball or thence retir'd to Love.

The Goddess spoke, and in the beauteous Dame
 Wak'd his dear Form, and rais'd the am'rous Flame
 Soon as she saw the Breast that moves Desire,
 Her Neck, and Eyes that glanc'd Coelestial Fire,
 She knew the Queen of Beauty in Disguise,
 And conscious thus express her dread Surprise.

• False Pow'r of Love, to what imperial Dome
 Still must I wander from my native home?
 Must I to *Phrygia* or *Mæonia* tend,
 If there thou deign'st to serve an am'rous Friend:
 Since now thy *Paris* on the fatal Strand
 Falls by the Valour of *Atrides'* Hand;
 Since I must hence an odious Bride depart,
 Com'st thou insidious to seduce my Heart?

Go, *Venus*, go, thy heav'nly Pow'r deny,
 No more ascend the Mansions of the Sky,
 With him the Solace of his Grief reside,
 Wait as a Slave, protect him as a Bride;
 For I'll no more defame my Royal Charms,
 Nor meet th' Embrace of his inglorious Arms,
 All *Troy* would scoff, and each opprobrious Dame
 Raise in my Soul the copious Pangs of Shame.

To whom the Goddess with an angry Voice,
 Urge not my Wrath, lest I renounce my Choice,
 Should I incens'd my Guardian Pow'r remove,
 Should once my Hate glow furious as my Love,
 Soon will Revenge inspir'd by my Commands,
 Rage in the Breasts of all the hostile Bands;
 Thou to their Wrath shalt yield thy odious Breath,
 And all thy Beauties shall be lost in Death.

At this the Nymph that sprung from *Jove's* Embrace
 Mov'd silent on, and veil'd her conscious Face,
 Then thro' the Crowd of *Trojan* Dames unseen
 The Guardian Goddess led th' obsequious Queen.
 Soon as they enter'd *Priam's* stately Rooms,
 Her duteous Handmaids ply'd their curious Looms;
 High to the Bow'r, where *Paris* lay reclin'd,
 Uprose the fairest of the beauteous Kind;
 Full in his View the * Laughter-loving Dame
 Plac'd the fair Offspring of *Jove's* heav'nly Flame;
 She turn'd her Eyes aside with cold Disdain,
 And thus reproach'd him in a scornful Strain.

Thou com'st inglorious from th' embattled Strand,
 O hadst thou fall'n beneath *Atrides'* Hand,

Oft hast thou brag'd thy vig'rous Arm would show
 Whose warlike Spear could strike the surest Blow,
 Go, mighty Chief, resume thy brazen Shield,
 Dare the fierce Rival to the hostile Field;
 Yet warn'd by me no more in Arms appear,
 Nor fall the Victim of his conqu'ring Spear.

Ah! beauteous Nymph, reply'd the anxious Chief,
 Cease with Reproach to edge my fatal Grief;
 To *Atreus'* Son *Minerva* lent her Aid,
 Nor has he conquer'd but the warrior Maid;
 This Hand may yet the prostrate Foe destroy,
 For Heav'n has Gods that aid the Cause of *Troy*.
 But now, my Fair, let angry Discord cease,
 And Love compose our jarring Hearts to Peace;
 Not thus I lov'd, when I from *Sparta's* Plain
 Rapt thy dear Beauties o'er the stormy Main,

When

When first incircled with thy lovely Arms,
 In *Cranae's* Isle I mingled with thy Charms;
 Now o'er my Breast exalted Raptures move,
 And my fierce Passion breathes a stronger Love.

Then to the Bed adorn'd with stately Pride,
 Rose the glad Lover and his duteous Bride.
 But fierce *Atrides* in the Field below
 Rag'd like a Lion for his absent Foe,
 Vain thro' the Ranks the angry Warrior flies,
 Thro' all the Sons of *Troy* and *Troy's* Allies;
 Nor those had sav'd the Coward's odious Breath,
 For all abhorr'd him as the Shades of Death.
 Then rose the * King, and spoke his just Demands,
 Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, and auxiliar Bands,

* AGAMEMNON.

Victorious

Victorious Fate has crown'd my Brother's Sword,
 To him be *Helen* and her Dow'r restor'd;
 Let *Ilium* pay the Forfeit of her Crime,
 Own'd in the Annals of succeeding Time.

Thus did the King assert his Country's Cause,
 And *Greece* in Shouts return'd him loud Applause.





On J O S H U A VI. 20.

*And it came to pass when the People heard the
Sound of the Trumpet, and the People shouted
with a great Shout; that the Wall fell down
flat.*

IRREGULAR ODE.

I.



JORDAN! what ail'd thy trem-

bling Brook?

Big with Omnipotence no Rod

Way'd by the unseen Arm of God

Thy wond'ring Channel strook.

Was Moses risen in the Son of Nun,

Efficient in the Ark his mystic Wand,

That liquid Heaps prærupt, should cease to run,
And own no less than an Almighty's Hand?

No — one than *Moses* greater far,

Ev'n *Moses's* I A M,

Henceforth of saving to be nam'd, conducts the War,

And faithful to his Name,

Bids Vict'ry lead the Way,

While *Josbua's* mighty Power the Winds and Seas
obey.

Blest Flock! whose Shepherd the great King
Folds you beneath the Shadow of his Wing,
And while the hov'ring Presence wards your Harms,
One constant Miracle still consecrates your Arms.

II.

Whom then does *Jericho* deride
Fond of her Ramparts, and entrench'd in Pride?

Will the in Gates of Brass rejoice,
 When fierce *Jehovah's* all-commanding Breath
 Glows in the Trump's destructive Voice,
 And lends to tuneful Sounds the Blast of Death.
 Rous'd with a just Disdain,
 And grasping in his Hand ten thousand
 Fates

He hurl'd his redden'd Vengeance o'er the Plain,
 And curs'd in Anger the devoted Gates.
 Now on the seventh Day's Morn,
 Hark! how the fated Music of each feeble Horn
 Like baleful Lightning thro' the frighted Bulwark
 flies,

The Wall at that triumphant Noise
 Starts into Ruins — God was in the Voice.

III.

Hail Music! Sister of the Soul!

Pervading Cement of this beautiful Whole!

Pow'rful Effluence of the Mind Divine!

Shall I not say Omnipotence is thine?

Thee do the Heav'ns declare,

While pois'd in Chords and measur'd

Sound

In his own Orbit ev'ry Sphere

Dances a glad Seraphic Round.

Thy sympathetic Balm

Saul's frantic *Dæmon* could serenely calm,

Charm Stones into a Wall,

And the same Art that builds, can make the Structure fall.

IV. Ah!

IV.

Ah! dreadful glorious Voice!

Lo! a blue Tempest of consuming Fire

Out from his flaming Nostrils flies,

And everlasting Mountains melt before his Ire.

See! Ocean starts, and shrinks beneath his Caves,

An awful Fear confounds the shuddering Waves.

Shield me, some Angel, from his kindling Wrath,

Thro' my stunn'd Limbs celestial Warmth dispense,

Soft Numbers round me breath,

And to its former Seat reduce my scatter'd Sense.

V.

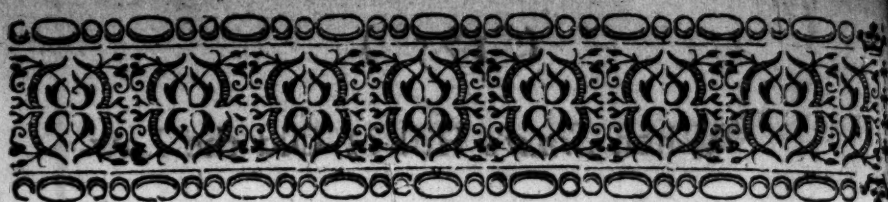
'Tis thus th' Almighty speaks,

'Tis thus his Voice in Terror breaks,

When

When *Sinai's* Hill of Old the Law
 Exprest in Smoke, and Peals of Thunder saw,
 Did not his agonizing Sides in throws of Travail
 shake,
 And at the stormy Presence quake?
 Did not the harder Hearts of an unbending Crew
 Soften, and tremble, and refuse the View?
 Tho' Legislative Accents loud proclaim'd
 The Tumult peaceful, and no Vengeance aim'd.
 So with a tenfold Pomp of Terror rob'd
 God shall unhinge the tuneful Joints of All,
 The crumbling Mass of Earth unglob'd
 Crush'd by th' Almighty Voice like *Jericho* shall fall.





O D E

U P O N

L I G H T.

The Legislative Assembly

The Tenth of the



LL hail illustrious Parent of the Day

Hail thou of Heav'n firstborn

To glad Creation at her Dawn,

And gild the growing Harmony.

Source of Ages! Flow of Time!

By thee the Hours have fledg'd their Wing,

Eras start, and Seasons spring;

From thee they sprang, from thee they glide,

Light ever fleeting, ever gay,

Light their Spring, their Lamp and Guide,

To measure out their Line

And mark their destin'd way.

By thy nimble Speeding,

Wearied With exceeding,

Ray to Ray succeeding,

Well we trace

Thy furious Bound, thy eager Pace,

At that all-forming Summons to appear,

That spoke thee to exist and canton out the Year.

II.

Say to what friendly Aid we owe

Those Gleams that in the Mind's fair Mirror play,

From what rich Fountain flow
 Those ripened Beams of intellectual Day;
 By whose fair Pencil is each Image wrought
 That teems to Birth, and glitters into Thought:

How Fancy ev'ry Shape puts on,

How kindling Sparks her Form compose,
 And whence that ever shining Train

That Memory or Experience shows;
 How constant Flames the Lamp of Reason fill
 To light the Judgment and direct the Will.

III.

Yet where benighted Reason strays
 In Faith's unnavigable Ocean lost,
 There Heav'n a bounteous Light displays,
 And steers the shatter'd Vessel to the Coast.

First in the hallow'd Lines
The glimm'ring Truth in mystic Notes we trace,
Till gather'd in a full Meridian Blaze

The swelling Prospect shines,
Thus mimic Colours on the Canvas laid
Bloom by Degrees in nice Distinction spread,
The Light displays itself, and animates the Shade.

IV.

Must Learning, Muse, bewail her fading Light?

Muse, dispel th' oblivious Night,
Lest what the Flood of Years has swept away,

Rust with Tarnish and Decay.

Muse, the fleeting Hours retrieve,

And bid forgotten *Æra's* live.

Hark! the Strings obsequious move,

See! the bounding Fingers rove,

Now the majestic Epic stalks along,
 Hail the great Notes, and bless the rising Song.
 Now in softly pensive strains
 Weeping Elegy complains,
 Now now the giddy Lyre
 Gives Life to Sound, and Sense informs the Wire;
 Distemper'd Darkness veils her lazy Head,
 Oblivion quits her downy Bed,
 Science blooms, and Arts refine,
 Letter'd *Æra's* know
 In fair Array to shine,
 And *Athens* now revives where *Cam* and *Isis* flow.





K I T T Y
A N D
C H A R L O T T E,

Occasion'd by a P O E M call'd

The Female *P H A E T O N*.

I.



TILL was the Night when *Charlotte's*

Eyes

In folded Slumber lay,

But busy Fancy still supplies

The Labours of the Day.

II.

The Wrongs of her contracted Reign
The sleeping Maid inspire,
And *Kitty's* Triumphs swell'd her Pain,
That left no Worlds to fire.

III.

Her Guardian Sylph with healing Care
Empow'r'd a golden Dream,
To calm the Tumults of the Fair,
And speak a softer Theme.

IV.

“ From fev’rish Wastes and barren Sands
“ The scorcht *Numidian* flies,

" To breath in more indulgent Lands,

" And less distemper'd Skies.

V.

" When in mild Drops of pearly Dew

" The genial Morning glides,

" The Tulip glows with painted Hue,

" And spreads her filken Sides.

VI.

" But oh ! beware the Noon-tide Blaze,

" And too commanding Day;

" Each withering Pride and shrivell'd Grace,

" Confess the sad Decay.

" VII. Thus

" To

VII.

" Thus runs the Tale, and thou, fair Maid,
" The Moral must divine,
" And own some fainter Touch betray'd,
" Of *Kitty's* Reign and Thine.

VIII.

" *Kitty* in Storms of angry Day
" Like keenest Lightning flies,
" *Charlotte* maintains a milder Sway,
" And builds as she destroys.

IX.

" *Kitty* with fierce and tyrant Arts
" Of Eastern Monarchs reigns,

" *Charlotte*

(185)

Charlotte endears her subject Hearts,

“ And easy Rule maintains.

X.

Charlotte can boast a long-liv'd Sway,

“ *Kitty* an ardent Rage,

“ Her Conquest lasted for a Day,

“ This triumphs for an Age.





TO
DORINDA

Forbidding me to write to her.

I.



OW softest Peace attend his gentle
Shade,
And greenest Myrtles bloom around
his Urn,
Who first to absent Love his Help convey'd,
And bade divided Hearts, at distance, burn.

II. Love

II.

love by his gentle and auspicious Pow'r

In faithful Breasts a faithful Commerce found :

Wafts the fond Sigh from each disjointed Shore,

And weaves the Knot that Climes and Seas un-

bound.

III.

Tho' rolling Surges stretch th' expanded Scene,

Their Cliffs tho' envious Mountains interpose :

The faithful Quill still pleads the Lover's Pain,

Paints all his Hopes and images his Woes.

IV.

Whence then, fair Rebel to the Cause of Love,

Could such a Breach of thy Allegiance spring,

To steal his fav'rite and obedient Dove,
And pluck the softest Feather of her Wing?

V.

How couldst thou teach my Bosom this Concern
And yet refuse the Tribute of its Love :
Fan the soft Fire, and bid it cease to burn,
Or raise the Whirlwind and forbid it move?

VI.

What makes the Earth to heave with lab'ring Throws
But Winds imprison'd in her tortur'd Womb
Thus but for thee my Bosom had Repose,
Did not thy Eyes inspire, my Passions would be
dumb.



UPON
STELLA

Appearing always at her Window.

I.



YOUNG *Stella* bright in Beauty's early

Dawn

Displays to constant View her ra-
diant Eyes,

But unregarded like the daily Sun

Her glaring Charms are seen without Surprise.

II. O

II.

O would the fair One shine with well-tim'd Care,
 Like Comets rare amidst the gloomy Sky,
 Then would the Nymph be fatal as the Star,
 Then Worlds would burn, and haughty Princes
 die.



AUSONIUS



AUSONIUS EPIG.



U M dubitat Natura Marem faceretne
Puellam,

Factus es ô Pulcher penè Puella Puer.

Thus I M I T A T E D.

AS Nature did her self perplex
Should Miss or Master be the Sex,
And neither would their Claim surrender,
The Dame so long the Point debated,
She neither this nor that created,
But left thee of the *doubtful Gender*.



TO THE
FAIR UNKNOWN,

Upon seeing her in the Music Booth at
Sturbridge Fair.

I.



COULD these faint Numbers glow
with equal Fire,
To that which in his Breast the
Writer feels,
Could *Phæbus* like the FAIR UNKNOWN
inspire,

Or Verse but emulate the Flame it tells;
The Lover some Success had found, and she
Been known to Fame, tho' lost to Love and me.

II.

Wound not that Love with too severe a Name,
 Which was not Chance but Passion in Excess ;
 Conceal'd the Hand from whence the Arrow came,
 My Hopes may be, but not my Anguish less.
 Strikes not the Lightning with a Fate as true,
 Tho' vanquish'd Reason wonder'd whence it flew ?

III.

If not in Pity to your Lover's Woes,
 For your own Sake at least your self reveal,
 Lest when I die, and thou the fatal Cause,
 You lose a Triumph you deserv'd so well.
 Nay ev'n repay'd will all my Suff'rings be,
 And envy'd in my Fall, if known I fall by thee.

C

IV. Yet

IV.

Yet more — a thousand Loves may lurk behind,
 And half your Course of Glory yet to run,
 A flowing Wit, discreet and beauteous Mind,
 May crown those Conquests which your Eyes
 begun.

Nor bid me dread the thousand Deaths in Store,
 I look'd, I sigh'd, and lov'd, and was undone before.

V.

In vain the midnight Anchorite may boast
 Of rugged Maxims and pedantic Rules,
 For what is Life, its best Enjoyments lost,
 In the dull Mazes of insipid Schools?
 Love must refine what Science scarce began,
 And mould the letter'd Savage into Man.

VI. Let

VI.

Let lazy Hermits dream in College Cells

Supinely great, and indolently good,

Whose frozen Breasts such glimm'ring Rapture
swells

As lifeless, dull Platonics understood.

Go, tell that doating Sage — who looks on thee

With *Plato's* Eyes — may question if he see.

VII.

Judge now my Passion by severest Truth,

And read what rigid Justice cannot blame,

If I have err'd, inform a willing Youth,

At best mistaken only was my Flame.

Was Love a Crime? then teach me to adore,

And Zeal shall be what Passion was before.



V E R S E S

Imitated from

A U R A T U S,

By * * * Esq;.



E A R me, ye propitious Pow'rs,

To sacred *Neptune's* warry Bow'rs,

To Heav'n above, or Hell below,

Beyond the Reach of *Cupid's* Bow:

Bear me, ye Gods, — no matter where,

So Love be but a Stranger there.

While

While thus the anxious *Strephon* cry'd,

A laughing *Cupid* stood beside,

And dost thou think, vain Man, said he,

That Heav'n and Hell, and Earth and Sea,

Are not alike subdu'd by me?

Great *Jove* has felt a Lover's Care,

And languish'd for a mortal Fair.

In vain the azure God of Seas

Amidst his Waters hopes for Ease,

Those Waters I to Flames can turn,

And teach his frozen Heart to burn.

Not *Pluto's* self can ward the Blow,

When to his Shades I bend my Bow,

Tho' Death and Terrors guard his Throne,

Avernus, *Styx*, and *Phlegethon*.

Give me my Chains, reply'd the Swain,
With Joy I'll bear the sharpest Pain,
Chearful forget the cruel Smart,
And in that Triumph be a Part,
Where Earth and Hell, and Sea and Air,
And captive Gods attend thy Car.



FROM THE
G R E E K

OF

A L C Œ U S.

By the Same.



O W vain the Man whose feeble Mind

Gives way to fretful Care;

From Sorrow hopes Relief to find,

And Comfort from Despair!

'Tis Wine alone that can redress

The Torments we endure;

A gen'rous

A gen'rous Foe to all Distress,
To ev'ry Pain a Cure.

Bacchus the surest Friend of Love,
A Friend to Man is found,
The same that points the Dart will prove
A Balsam to the Wound.





ANACREONTIC.

By the Same.



BE NEATH this cool refreshing Shade
By curling Vines and Roses made,
Indulge; my fair, the soft Desire
Which Love and blooming Youth inspire.

The blushing Rose around thy Head
Shall here her sweetest Odours shed,
The mantling Vine shall yield to you
At once her Shade and Nectar too :
O come, my *Phyllis*, let us prove
That we were only born to Love.

Youth and Love are in their Prime,

Improve, my Fair, the happy Time,

Love admits of no Delay,

Time has Wings and hastes away.

F I N I S

MUSEUM
BRITAN
NICVM

